ECIAL REPORT

MORALS IN HOLLYWOOD

modern screen

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A DELL MAGAZINE
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LANA TURNER

Claim new beauty for your own with your *first cake* of Camay!



Mrs. Michael Piel, the former Alice Jackson Bailey of Glen Head, L. I. Bridal portrait by Gravnese

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A Ring for Christmas!

Mike played Santa at the Stork Club — with an engagement ring for lovely Alice. A Camay complexion has such winning ways! Alice says: "Camay is the only beauty soap for me. That creamy Camay lather is so-o-o gentle!"



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Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay? Camay is so *mild*. It caresses your cheek with its gentle, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. No wonder Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women"—it can bring you new beauty with your very *first cake!*



Camay, the soap of beautiful women

AUG 10 1950



You can have a more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner mouth and breath —*if* you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't take chances with halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

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"I use Ipana with confidence . . . it's made by Bristol-Myers,"

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Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth wholesome? Not unless you do what dentists advise: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

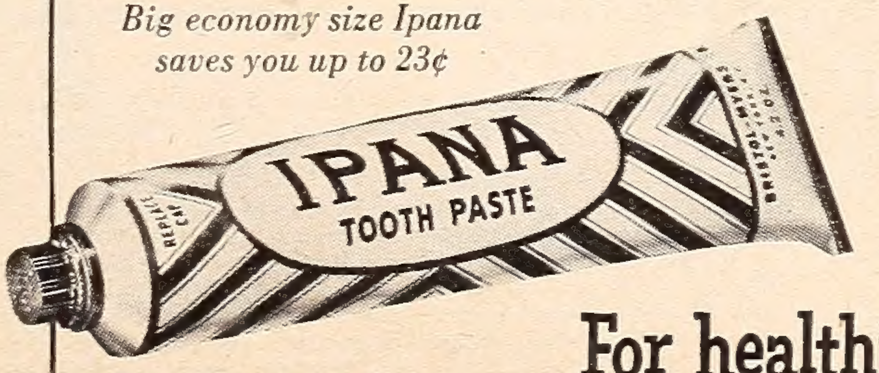
With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

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NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

JULY
Reader's Digest

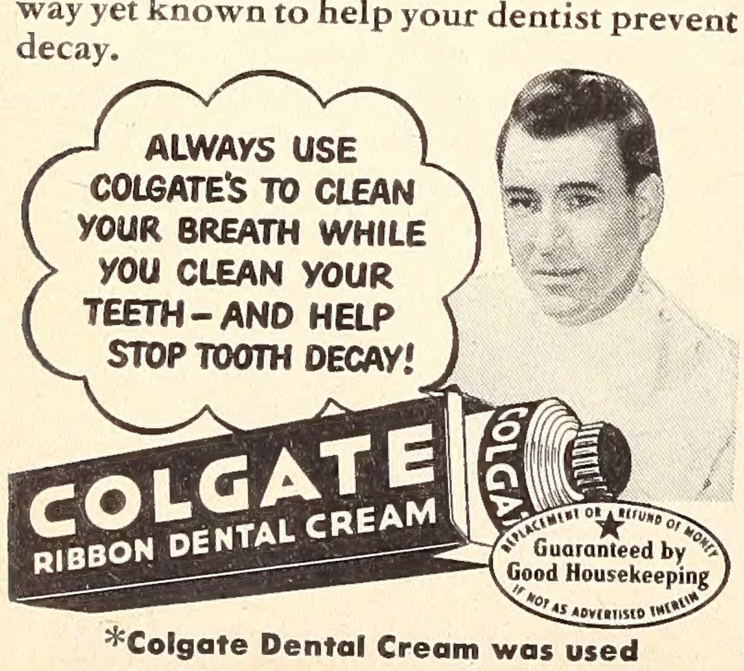
REPORTS THE RESEARCH WHICH PROVES*
Brushing Teeth
Right After Eating with
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
STOPS TOOTH
DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Read July Reader's Digest for the results of "one of the most extensive, costly and practical experiments in dental history"! The toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. And read this, too: Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! Yes, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

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*Colgate Dental Cream was used exclusively in this scientific research.

SEPTEMBER, 1950

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN SPECIAL REPORT: Morals in Hollywood

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"WHO'S SORRY NOW"
"ALL ALONE MONDAY"
"I LOVE YOU SO MUCH"

Hear the stars sing the hits in the M-G-M Records album!

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VERA-ELLEN • ARLENE DAHL
in
THREE LITTLE WORDS
KEENAN WYNN • GALE ROBBINS • GLORIA DE HAVEN

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BERT KALMAR and HARRY RUBY
Screen Play by GEORGE WELLS
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

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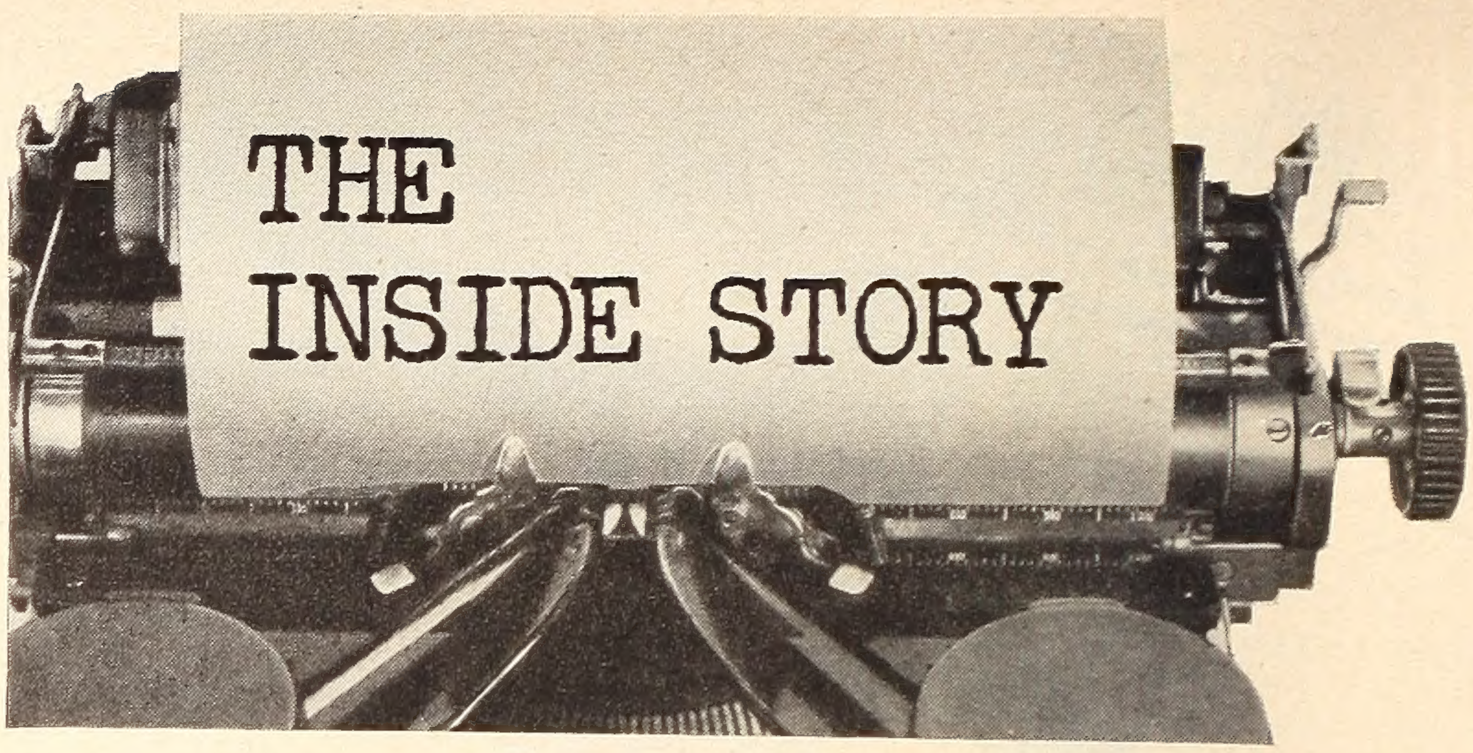
because of its *face cream* base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Can you either confirm or deny the rumor that Barbara Stanwyck is very unhappy in her personal life, that her marriage to Bob Taylor has been a farce for years, and that she loves him too much to divorce him despite his aberrations? —J. B., Weston, Mass.

A. *Bob Taylor has many hobbies and pursuits which his wife does not share, but to say that their marriage is a farce is a complete falsehood. The Taylors have established a marital way of life which allows them both a maximum amount of personal freedom. Lately, they've been separated a good deal, because Bob has been making pictures in Europe while Barbara has been at work in Hollywood.*

Q. Why is it that I never read anything in your magazine or in other fan magazines about Katharine Hepburn? Is she on the blacklist or something?
—V. O., Columbus, Ohio

A. *For years, Miss Hepburn has been uncooperative as regards interviews. She steadfastly refuses to share one iota of her private life with the public. She considers this unnecessary and an infringement on her freedom.*



Nicky's Liz

Q. Do movie stars ever take snapshots of each other, or do they get fed up with cameras? Did Nicky Hilton take snapshots of Liz on their honeymoon?—R. E., N. Y. C.

A. *Many stars keep amateur photo albums. Here's one of Nicky's snapshots of Liz taken during their honeymoon.*

Q. Does Shirley Temple live with her parents now that she's divorced?
—D. R., Omaha, Neb.

A. *Shirley's home is on the same estate as her parents'. She lives with her daughter in a separate house.*

Q. Does Howard Duff have any plans for marriage in the near future? If so, to whom? How many times has he been engaged?—T. W., Boston, Mass.

A. *Duff says he has no immediate plans for marriage in the near future. His name in the past has been linked with Ava Gardner, Yvonne DeCarlo, and Ida Lupino. He's been engaged twice.*

Q. Why does Gene Kelly's wife call herself Betsy Blair? Where did she get the name, anyway?
—U. F., Baton Rouge, La.

A. *When she was 14, Betsy had a schoolgirl crush on a boy who attended Blair Academy. When she entered show business a year later, she thought the thing to do was to take a stage name. She chose Blair in honor of the boyfriend. All this, of course, was before she met Gene.*

Q. Is it true that the studio executives have gotten together and banned Frank Sinatra from pictures because of his conduct? —P. Y., Hoboken, N. J.

A. *There is no truth to that rumor. Stars with box office appeal are very rarely banned from anything. That Sinatra still retains much of that appeal is evidenced by the crowds he continues to draw to night clubs, video performances, and stage shows.*

Q. After seeing *The Jolson Story* and *Jolson Sings Again,* I was under the impression that Jolson had been married twice. I understand he's had four wives. If so, who are they? —M. C., Erie, Pa.

A. *Henrietta Keller (1906) Alma Osborne (1922) Ruby Keeler (1928) Earl Galbraith (1946).*

Q. How many times has Roy Rogers been married?—R. X., Emporia, Kan.

A. *Three times.*

Q. Is Peter Lawford a Catholic? A friend of mine in Hollywood says he always wears a St. Christopher medal.
—B. D., Freeport, N. Y.

A. *Lawford is a Protestant but wears a St. Christopher medal as a good luck charm. Supposedly, it was given to him by a girl some years ago.*

Q. Now that he's divorced from Jane Wyman, is Ronald Reagan dating any other girl steadily? —B. S., Enid, Okla.

A. *Reagan says he's playing the field.*

Q. I wonder if you'd settle an argument. Who is older, Alan Ladd or his wife? —C. R., Rochester, N. Y

A. *His wife.*

Hit the laff-trail, pardner...

HOPE is whooping it up in the wild, wild west!

Meet the man who's going to teach the West manners! And the things he's gonna learn from *Lucille*... you won't find *anywhere* in books!

Paramount's hilarious successor to ***"The Paleface"!***

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BOB tops his "Buttons and Bows" records singin' these new hit tunes: "HOME COOKIN'" "FANCY PANTS"

Starring

BOB HOPE

AND

LUCILLE BALL

with

BRUCE CABOT · JACK KIRKWOOD

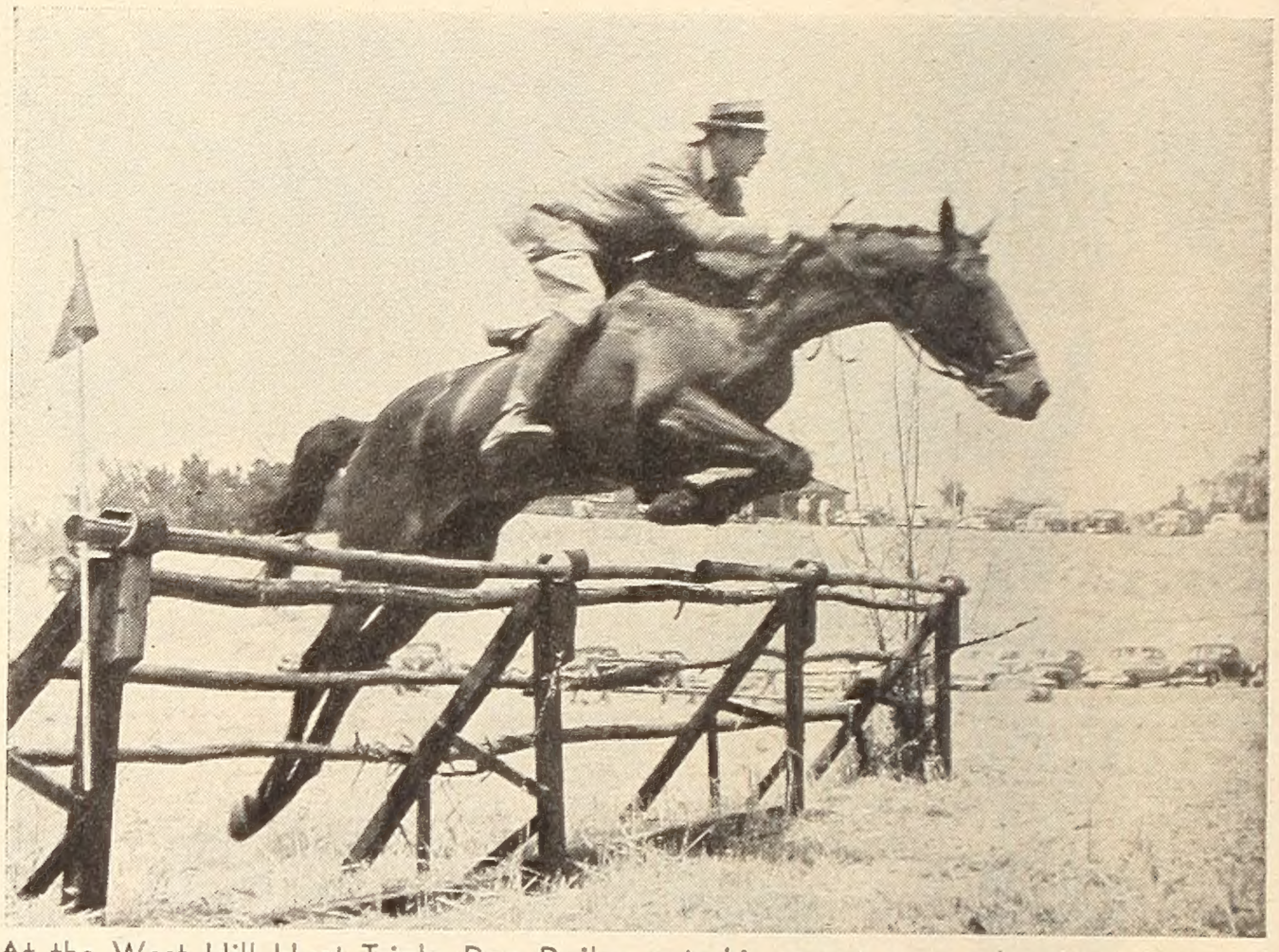
Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH · Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

Screenplay by Edmund Hartmann and Robert O'Brien
Based on a Story by Harry Leon Wilson



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



At the West Hill Hunt Trials, Dan Dailey puts his mount over a barrier. Dan and his wife, Liz, helped found the club after the war; it now has over a hundred members. They use hounds as in fox-hunting—but the hounds follow a scent instead of a fox.



Two of Hollywood's happiest couples, newlyweds Polly and Jerome Courtland and their pals Barbara and Marshall Thompson, attend the private preview of Paramount's new drama *Sunset Boulevard*, starring Gloria Swanson, Bill Holden.

YES, I'm in love with that wonderful guy, too! Can't think of anyone I'd rather spend an enchanted evening with more than that 56-year-old charmer, Ezio Pinza, who has completely taken Hollywood by storm.

The arrival of the singing star of *South Pacific* is the GOOD News of the month—and he hadn't anymore than brushed the dust off his suit from motoring across the country—than I grabbed him for an interview on my radio show.

Did he live up to all I had expected after seeing him on Broadway? DID he? That stage presence, let me say right out loud, is nothing compared to the charm the real Ezio exudes.

When he came into the broadcasting room, I thought my radio secretary was going to swoon. And I admit, I teetered a bit myself!

He looked even more attractive in his gray suit and deep blue shirt than as the French planter he played so long on the stage with Mary Martin.

The first thing to impress me was his wonderful suntan contrasting with his gray hair. The next most colorful thing about him is a little trick he has in talking: He actually *booms* everything he says to the point of sounding a little gruff—and then, suddenly, comes that ingratiating grin, like a small boy, conveying, "I was only fooling."

He is vastly amused when asked what he thinks about Hollywood—as though this were his first visit here. "I lived here for years," he rolls out with that fascinating accent which I shall not try to copy. "Everything looks much as I left it—except for one thing. When I was here before—I was unemployed."

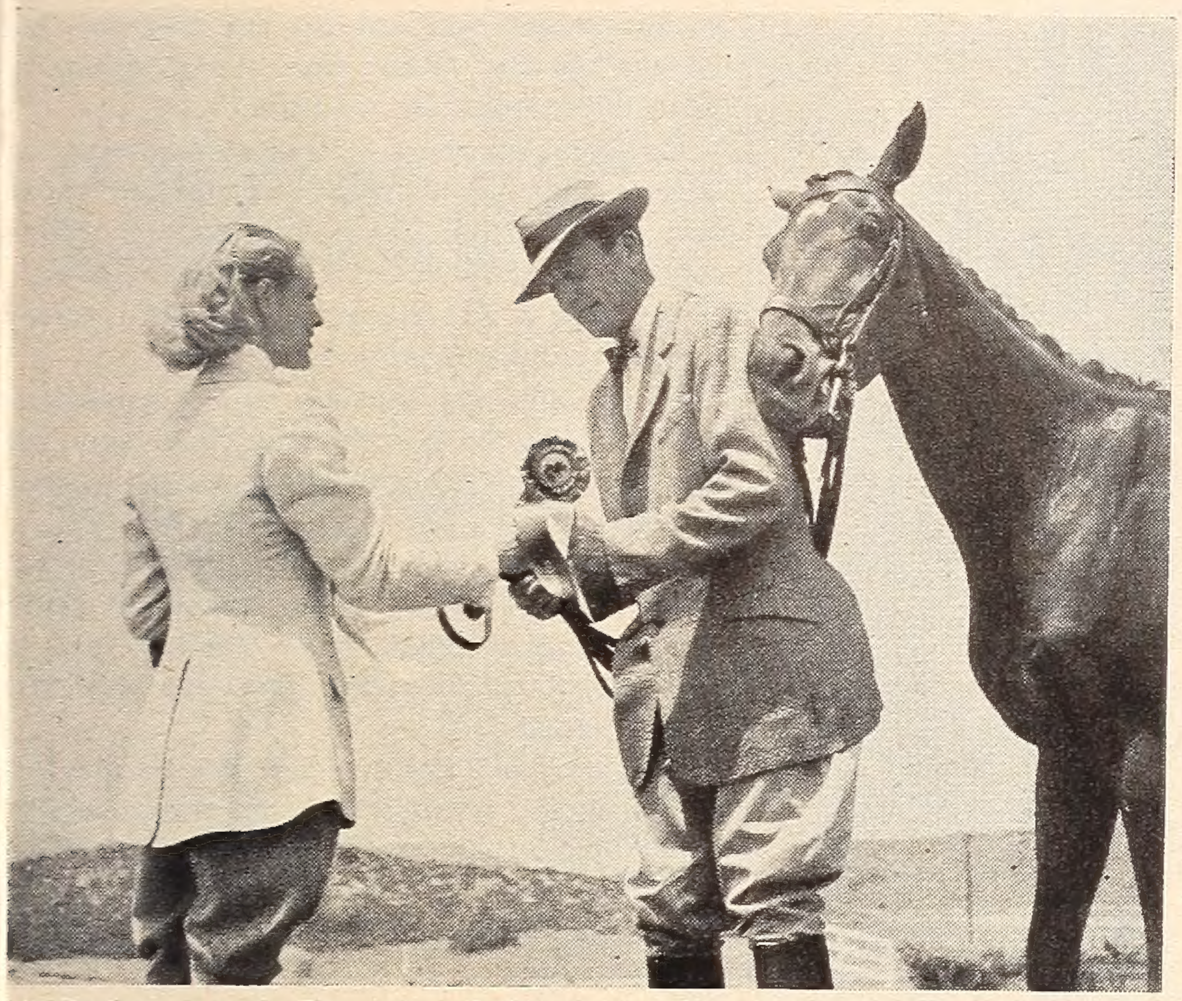
That wicked smile of his flashed brilliantly. "*Now* I am Lana Turner's co-star."

Yes, he had met Lana. His wife had met her. And so had his dog. "We all found her delightful," he explained, "even the dog purred like a kitten."

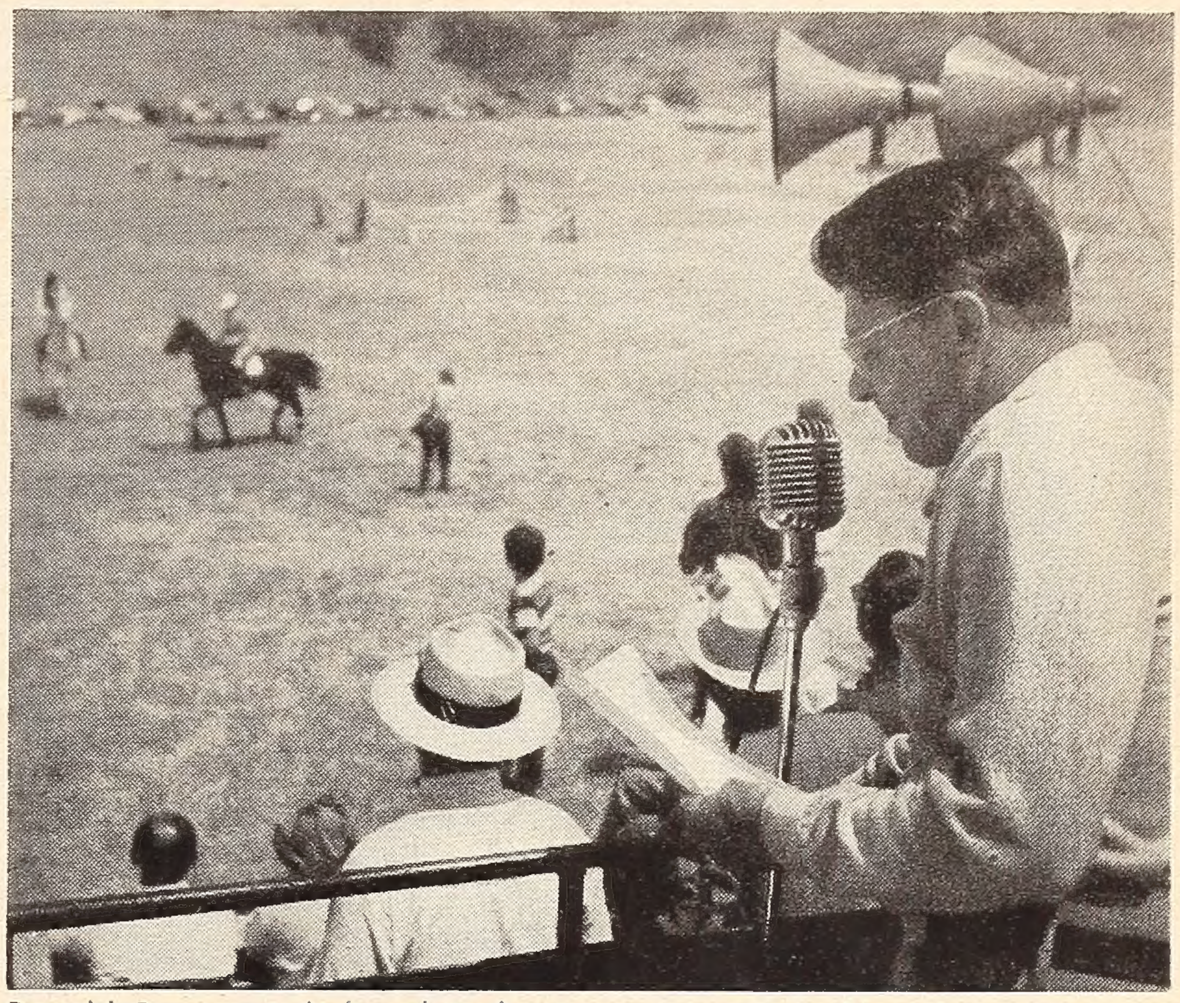
He swears his favorite screen actor is Jimmy Durante—but whether he was spoofing, I do not know. That "not knowing" quality is one of the most fascinating things about him.

He went through the radio rehearsal and

BOULEVARD . . . IRENE DUNNE TAKES TEA WITH THE QUEEN . . . THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ENTERTAINS THE NICKY HILTONS.



Liz Dailey awards Dan one of the many ribbons he won that day, while Dan's horse nuzzles his appreciation. Liz is a fine horsewoman, too, and spends many hours daily, riding in the hills near their Valley home.



Ronald Reagan, who used to be a sportscaster in Iowa, announces the events for the hunt club. Reagan didn't ride that day but he's a member of the "horsey" set. The club has frequent meets—for fun and sportsmanship.



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen confer with Roddy McDowall in the lobby of the Paramount studios. As is usual at screenings, guests at the *Sunset Boulevard* preview were given cards and asked for their reactions.



Making a handsome foursome, Arlene Dahl with Lex Barker, and Adele Mara with Forrest Tucker fill out their preview cards. They all agreed that the movie was superb—the best they'd seen for a long, long time.

the recording with such ease I could hardly believe he had a script before him. Ah, yes, this man who put sex-appeal into mature love does everything with such ease and charm he fractures us gals.

But don't call him "Essio" for Ezio. It's pronounced "Eightzio."

My heart aches for Judy Garland. In all the tragedies of Hollywood, there is no sadder story than this of the little singing, dancing girl who has lost her way.

As a newspaperwoman, I am supposed to be used to the dramas of this industry. But I have seldom been more shaken than I was writing the news story that Judy (just a little girl such a few years ago) had tried to take her life by cutting her throat with a broken glass!

When her shattered nerves and distraught emotional state brought on her second suspension within a year at MGM (she was taken off *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Royal Wedding*) Judy went all to pieces.

During a business conference at her home between her husband, Vince Minnelli and her agent, Carlton Alsop, she had dashed hysterically from the room, locked herself in the bathroom and attempted suicide.

But her devoted Vince got to her in time—and as she cried in his arms, Judy said, "I'm sorry—so very sorry."

Physically, Judy will recover. But what damage is done to the spirit by an act like hers—only God can know.

No one has deeper sympathy than I for the actress, who took to sleeping pills and stronger sedatives to calm her shattered nerves—and I think, over the years, I have proved my feeling for her. But I can't stand by and see maudlin sympathy built up for Judy at the expense of her studio.

I know this to be a fact—Louis B. Mayer, the head of MGM, is deeply devoted to Judy, the little girl he discovered when she was a child and built into one of the greatest stars of the business.

Many times, after her illness, he has been

Good, Good, GOOD... this Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

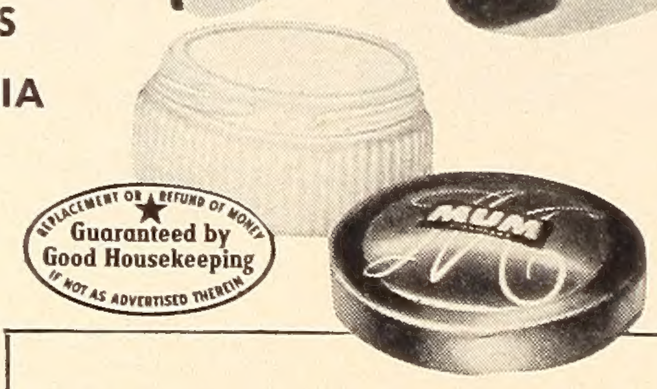


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New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



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Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

awakened in the middle of the night, when she was particularly distraught, and gone to her house and sat by her bedside, comforting her and telling her, like a father, that everything would be all right.

He has insisted on giving her chance after chance—sometimes when his staunch support has meant arguments with other studio executives. I have heard L.B. frequently say of Judy, "She is like my own little girl"—and his heart has ached for her.

And it isn't true that the studio insisted that she return to work in *Summer Stock* soon after she came back from the Boston hospital early in the year.

It was Judy who begged to go back to work. "I've worked all my life. I am restless and unhappy being idle. Please, give me a picture to do. That will make me well faster than anything."

But, we can't believe that any more, Judy. You must go away and rest, rest, rest for a long time until you are completely well. (*For "The Brutal Truth About Judy Garland," see page 56.—Ed.*)

IRONICALLY, the girl who replaced Judy in *Annie Get Your Gun* is the happiest girl in our town. Betty Hutton actually glows these days. If you ever saw a happy girl, it's the "Huttontot"—as she calls herself. (*For another viewpoint about Betty turn to page 44.—Ed.*)

Betty is in every Charleston contest and she has beaux for every mood. She sings and dances around her home, with her little blonde daughters in her wake, just like she does on the screen.

Betty, like Judy, has worked ever since she was a child—in fact, if anything, Betty's childhood was much grimmer than Judy's. Where Judy traveled in an act with her sisters and got "headliner" treatment—Betty danced on the streets outside Lansing, Michigan, saloons for the dimes and quarters tossed to her and her sister.

Yes, they came up much the same way. But what a difference in what success has meant to them!

Don't think bouncing, bombastic Betty isn't mindful of her blessings.

"Every night when the children say their prayers, I kneel with them and thank God for my wonderful life," Betty told me.

SHELLEY Winters may be temperamental—but she's one of the most honest belles I know. When she was asked if she and Farley Granger would marry when they meet in Europe later this year, said snappy Shelley:

"If we married now—we'd probably kill each other in six months. We are both so wrapped up in our careers. We both have such a long way to go.

"But who knows? Maybe, we might go crazy and get married. But, if we keep our right minds—we'll wait awhile."

ALL those members of Parliament who were "shocked" out of their wits when "an American," Irene Dunne, was cast as Queen Victoria in *The Mudlark* may have been amazed when the King and Queen of England met Irene at a "family tea party."

The red faces in Parliament must have been very embarrassing.

But all Hollywood felt a glow of pride when

JAMES CAGNEY MAKES LOVE TO DANGER IN "KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE"



AS 'KILLER' COTTER HE'S EVEN HOTTER THAN IN 'WHITE HEAT'!

ALSO STARRING
BARBARA PAYTON
HELENA CARTER
WARD BOND
LUTHER ADLER BARTON MacLANE
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM CAGNEY
DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS
Screen Play by Harry Brown
From Horace McCoy's "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye"
A CAGNEY Production
Distributed by WARNER BROS.

PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth !



Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay !

Tooth decay is caused by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

word came that Their Majesties had met Irene at an intimate tea given by Lord and Lady Carisbrook at Kings Cottage, Kew, just outside London. The Carisbrooks are relatives of the Royal couple.

The party was strictly private—the only guest other than Irene and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, being ex-queen Ena, of Spain, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

What gave us home folks such a kick is that Irene is said to be the first American star to meet the King and Queen so privately. Many others, of course, have been received at public functions.

Reports are that the King talked to Irene with great interest about *The Mudlark* and the role of Queen Victoria which she is playing. Well, I should think that the King, who is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, would be interested in this movie.

Irene said afterward that she told His Majesty the picture was being made as faithfully as possible and described to him scenes shot in the dining room of Windsor Castle—one of the many castles called "home" by King George and Queen Elizabeth.

NEVER had any more fun in my life than I did on a bus ride with a lot of stars to a church social fiesta in Pomona. The idea was to help raise money for Father Thomas English's church and school—and I invited some of your favorites to go along—hardly dreaming so many would be free to accept.

We started out in a Tanner bus from my house about six o'clock in the evening—and here are the stars who went along: Joan Fontaine, Eleanor Parker, Mercedes McCambridge, Robert Young, Maureen O'Hara, Dinah Shore, George Montgomery, Freddie Brisson (Roz Russell's husband) and Tom Lewis (Loretta Young's spouse).

Never was there such a fancy bus—inside and out. To make the hour-trip pleasant, box lunches had been packed for us—fried chicken, sandwiches, pickles, hardboiled eggs and the rest of the trimmings.

The back of the bus was equipped with a bar serving beer, soft drinks, and yes, even cocktails for those who wished one.

All the way down to the little college town—and back—we "sang" all the old songs—led by Dinah Shore, natch—and what we



Lunching at the swank George V Hotel in Paris, Prince Aly Khan and his wife of a year, Rita Hayworth scan the menu for something tasty.



MAN-BAIT!

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The rare and racy adventures of a female savage in a jungle of intrigue!

JOAN FONTAINE
ROBERT RYAN · ZACHARY SCOTT
in
"Born to be Bad"
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RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by Robert Sparks • Directed by Nicholas Ray • Screenplay by Edith Sommer



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CHICAGO, 3 Days **12.00**
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



You a teen-ager? Then read this—a monthly feature especially for you.

FROM the letters I've read it seems that boys aren't the only problems in this world. In fact, I didn't know there *were* so many problems—or so many kids!

I guess I'd like to thank you right now for feeling that you can talk to me about them. Before I get gooey with sentiment, though, I'll dig right into the burning question of the month. It's the relationship between you and your parents. Many of your letters said—"Gee, you're lucky to have such understanding parents. My mother never lets me do anything I want to," or, "My father never lets me take the car when I have a date with a girl," or, "My mother won't let me use lipstick even though my friends do."

Every kid who thinks he is the only one so bothered is wrong. Before I go any further I want to say that we're all in the same boat. I've had troubles, too. There was a time when I thought nobody, but nobody understood me.

I was crazy about a boy and my parents didn't approve of him. They told me he wasn't right for me. I thought he was perfect, and I was sure that I was the only girl who'd ever been in love, and that my parents had forgotten what love was.

Well, I was wrong, and I learned a lesson. The other day, my mother said to me, "I didn't know how to get through to you, Joan, because when I talked to you a curtain would seem to come down over your mind."

That's a point I'd like to make. When you learn not to let that curtain fall, when you can honestly talk about important things to your parents, without prejudice and without letting emotion get in the way of your reasoning—then you'll have nothing to worry about. You and your parents will be friends.

I think one of the reasons we sometimes have trouble with our parents is that we're just beginning to grow up, to assert ourselves, and our egos get in the way. Everything is so new to us that we think we are the only ones who know this fact or that emotion.

I WAS about nine years old when we had Greek mythology in school. It was all new to me and I loved it. Very proud of myself I asked my mother one day, "Do you know who Diana is?"

Right away she answered, "She's the Goddess of the chase."

I was amazed and angry, "How do *you* know that?" I asked her.

She laughed. "Well, you see, Joan, I went to school, too."

I honestly believe that if we could remember that our parents "went to school, too," we would be a lot better off. I'm not talking about grade school and high school but—if you won't think me too corny—the school of life.

When I was a little kid I was always asking why. "Why do I have to do it?" My mother tried to be reasonable, but once she lost patience with me and said, "You have to do it because I say so." This didn't seem right to me until she explained. "Suppose we're walking in the woods and I see a snake in the path and you don't see it. And if I say, 'Stop' and you ask me 'Why?' it might be too late. The snake may have struck you."

Wise parents can often see the dangers that lie in our path before we do. They have had more experience.

But don't get me wrong. There are two sides to everything and parents can be wrong, too. For example, here's a typical letter. "All the girls my age are wearing high heels but my mother doesn't approve. I feel like a silly baby wearing flats at a party. How can I make my mother understand this?"

Now I really think that this mother is wrong. Since all the other girls are wearing high heels, her daughter feels like an outcast in low heels. And that's not a good feeling. So you should explain. You should tell your mother just how you feel. You might even ask her to consult with the other mothers—those who let their daughters wear heels—and see if she won't change her mind. You should make her realize how important it is to you.

I think that too many parents live in the past. They want everything to be just the same as it was "when I was a girl" or "when I was a boy." But times have changed and nobody should judge a person of one generation by the standards of another generation.

Also, I know that there are some parents who are so unduly strict that it almost amounts to a neurosis and this kind of treatment can wreck a young person's whole life. If this is the case, don't be afraid to seek outside help. If you're really being made absolutely miserable by your parents then you should not hesitate to go to your teacher—if she is nice and kind and sensible—and tell her your problems. Or go to your minister or to your family doctor. So many times teen-agers bottle up everything inside themselves and are afraid to seek help from older people. Well, don't be afraid of that. Because the very worst thing you can do is to bottle up bitterness and resentment.

In our family we believe that everything can be solved by "talking it out."

For example, I've been criticized for calling my parents by their first names. I've always done it, since I was an only child and didn't hear anybody else saying, "Mother" and "Dad." Now I like to call them by their first names. I feel that this makes for a greater intimacy—as if we were friends as well as parents and child. Some people might not approve of this—and that's all right. But if my parents approve—then I can't see why anyone else should interfere.

The business of growing up is painful—believe me, I know, because I'm trying very hard to be an adult. But here's something I've learned. The day you say, and say with conviction, "I was wrong. I made a mistake. I am sorry and will try not to make the same mistake again"—on that day you have taken the first step toward becoming an adult.

All of us teen-agers should stop trying to assert our own individualities so much. We should wait until we have more individuality to assert, and we should try to put ourselves in the other person's place, to understand why he believes what he does. If families could just sit down together and, quietly, calmly and sanely, air their troubles and their problems and try to reach a solution that is best for all concerned—well, we certainly wouldn't have any more family fights. And, for that matter, if we carry this thought a little further, it just might be possible that we wouldn't have any more wars.

I hope I've been helpful. Keep on writing to me, please. And thanks for reading.

Editor's note: Do you have a teen-ager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, Box 93, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



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Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



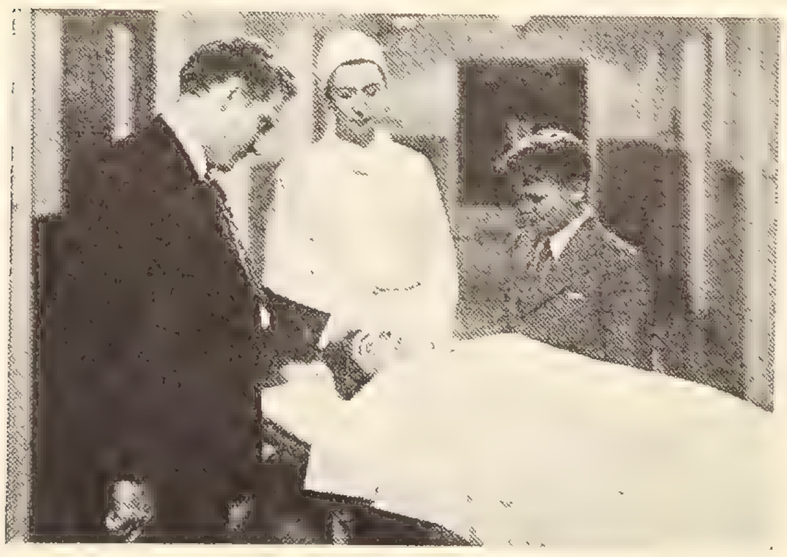
James Whitmore, an ordinary man, tunes in the radio one night, and is astonished to hear the voice of God.



He tells his family that the voice is a hoax.



His growing belief takes the form of fear.



The birth of his baby brings hope and peace.

Picture of the Month

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR . . .

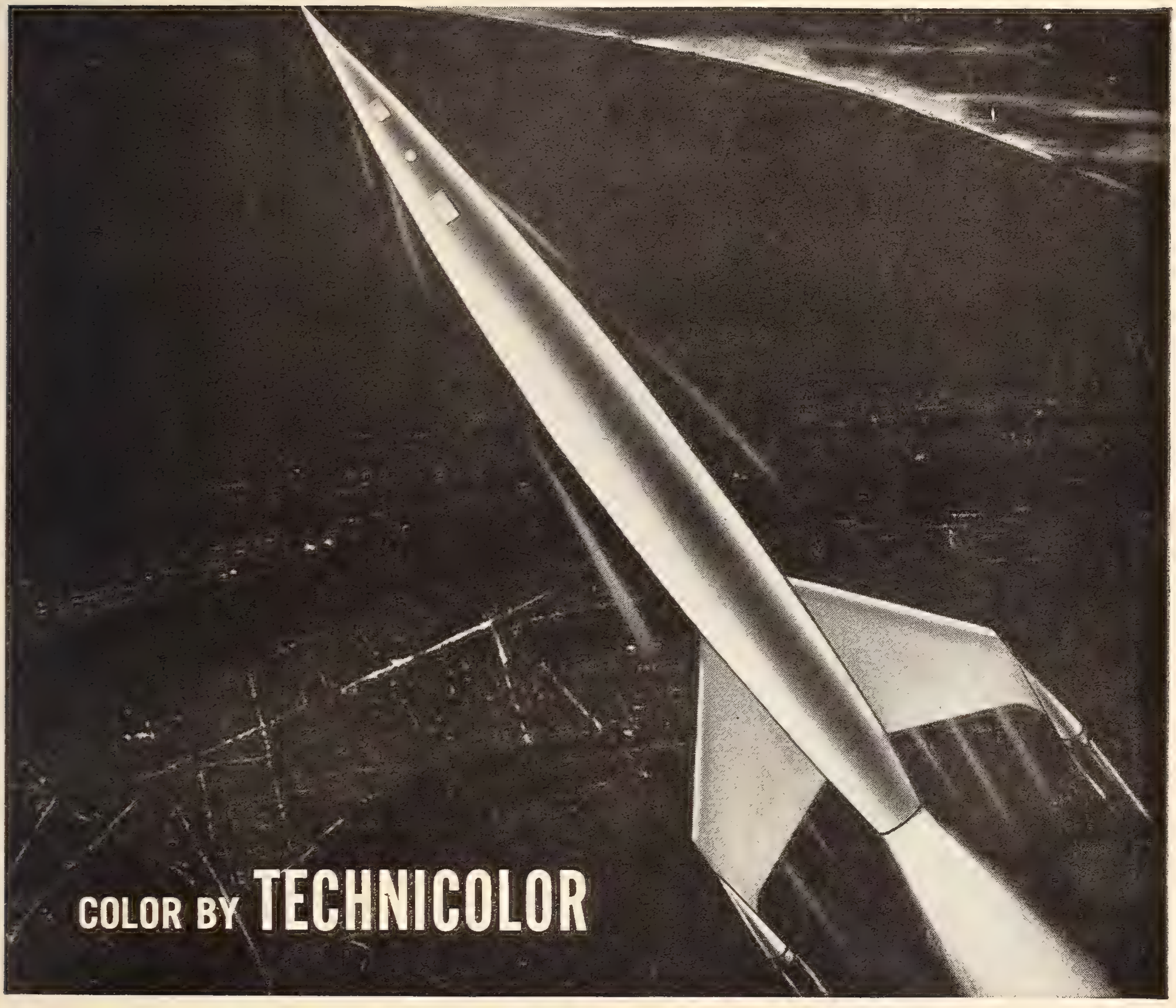
■ How would you feel if the next voice you heard were the voice of God? What do you think would happen if on one weekday after dinner, people in every part of the world turned on the radio at the same time and heard the same voice in every language? MGM's Dore Schary has taken this provocative idea and developed it into one of the most disquieting and unusual films ever produced. The story is chiefly concerned with the effect of this miracle on a typical family, James Whitmore, a California aircraft mechanic, Nancy Davis, his pregnant wife, and their young son. As they hear the voice each night at the same time for six nights, their reactions change from disbelief, to fear, and, finally to a reawakening of the meaning of God. Whitmore makes a highly difficult assignment believable and Nancy Davis brings warmth to a fantasy that is at once farcical and dramatic.

Editor's Note: We think that this is a picture you ought to see. We think that you will be moved by its message—whether you go in humility, in sophisticated indifference, or simply because you want to be entertained. It is a story you will remember and talk about for a long time to come.

reviews continue on page 18



Would you let Your Man take the first flight to the Moon?



IT'S CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! Rocket experts say that in our lifetime the moon-trip will be made exactly as you see it in this tense, believable picture! Will you have to say woman's most heart-breaking good-bye? Will your man take off on man's adventure into tomorrow? *(2 years in the making—the picture you've been reading about.)*

DESTINATION MOON

Produced by GEORGE PAL. Directed by IRVING PICHEL. Screenplay by RIP VAN RONKEL, ROBERT HEINLEIN and JAMES O'HANLON

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WHEN YOU BUY 79¢ SIZE



Special offer to introduce

amazing Shasta Shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair

HERE'S WHY YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS SENSATIONAL MONEY-SAVING OFFER!

Just go to your dealer and buy a 79¢ jar of new, improved Shasta. You'll get a 49¢ jar free when you do. This is a $1.28 value for only 79¢. It's a money-saver! New, improved Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of the natural oils needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair. Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, beautifully groomed under Shasta's magic-like touch. Shasta leaves your hair looking its loveliest.

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Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back. So you can accept this money-saving offer with full confidence. Use 49¢ jar first: If not overjoyed with the results, return 79¢ jar and get your money back in full.



MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST

Irma (Marie Wilson) Peterson, whose lovely head covers an atomic brain (it's the size of an atom) is still trying to make boyfriend Al (John Lund) marry her, and Al is still collecting his unemployment checks and acting like "work" is a rare Tibetan cuss word. Jane (Diana Lynn) is still in love with singer Dean Martin. Dean is still loyally dragging Jerry Lewis everywhere he goes. That's how we left them in *My Friend Irma*, so it's a good place for a sequel to begin. Sequel concerns the whole gang's heading for Hollywood, after Dean's been signed up by a producer. Producer turns out to be an escaped lunatic; a French actress (Corinne Calvet) develops a yen for Dean and nearly wrecks his wedding plans, Irma is kidnapped by a couple of thugs who regret this act immediately thereafter because she talks so much she gives them a headache, and Jerry Lewis, the monkey-faced boy-man, walks away with the picture.

Cast: John Lund, Marie Wilson, Diana Lynn, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet. Paramount.



THE HAPPY YEARS

If ever there was a picture more delightful than *The Happy Years*, I missed it. It's got so much charm and gayety, it's so continually and surprisingly and wholesomely comical, it's a real American masterpiece. Not that it isn't a work of art in the universal sense, but it's as peculiarly American as "Oklahoma!" It goes back to the horse-and-buggy days, and the peaceful life of the upper middle class then, and the trials and errors of a small man named John Humperdink Stover, who's a candidate for a reformatory, really. Expelled from school after school, he returns home unregenerate and while his father and mother are worrying themselves sick, John Humperdink goes next door and performs some such feat as painting the neighbor's prize white horse green. "Same color as the grass," he defends himself. "Now the flies won't be able to see him, and bother him." Sent to a school called Law-

renceville, Dink (that's his nickname) finally meets his match. He's put in a house where the other boys are just as tough as he is, and even prouder of it. But I can't explain the flavor of these kids, and their escapades. The skinny little one who breaks a pancake-eating record, and insures free pancakes for the whole school. The little demon with two black eyes who rings the church bell on Sundays by leaping at it and swinging on it with snarling zest, like a character out of a Charles Addams cartoon. The lessons, the fights, the games, the way the boys call on young ladies. Every minute of this picture is pure pleasure. The kids' acting is magnificent, so are the adults—Leo Carroll plays Lawrenceville's wise Latin master—and the Technicolor is lovely.

Cast: Dean Stockwell, Darryl Hickman, Scotty Beckett, Leo Carroll. MGM.



COPPER CANYON

Here we have Ray Milland, a dashing Confederate ex-colonel who tries to make Nevada safe for Southerners after the Civil War. A mining community called Coppertown is treating the rebels rough. The crux of the matter is copper, logically enough, and the ins and outs of all the robbery and murder and politics that go on can't be told here. I'll just give you the bare bones. First off, Ray runs up against Hedy Lamarr (whose bones aren't bare a bit, but simply beautiful). Hedy works for a crooked northern mining syndicate, in close cahoots with a crooked sheriff and a crookeder deputy (Macdonald Carey), until she (Hedy) falls for Ray. Then she tries to make amends for her disgraceful actions. Mona Freeman is a southern belle at the end of her rope. Her father is a southern gentleman at the end of his rope. Now that I look this over, I find it doesn't seem to hang together so, as Benjamin Franklin once said, it will just have to hang separately.

Cast: Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr, Macdonald Carey, Mona Freeman. Paramount.



PANIC IN THE STREETS

An Armenian smuggled into the U. S. is murdered, and his body found in the river. A morgue attendant, discovering frightening evidence, calls in specialist Richard Widmark,



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!





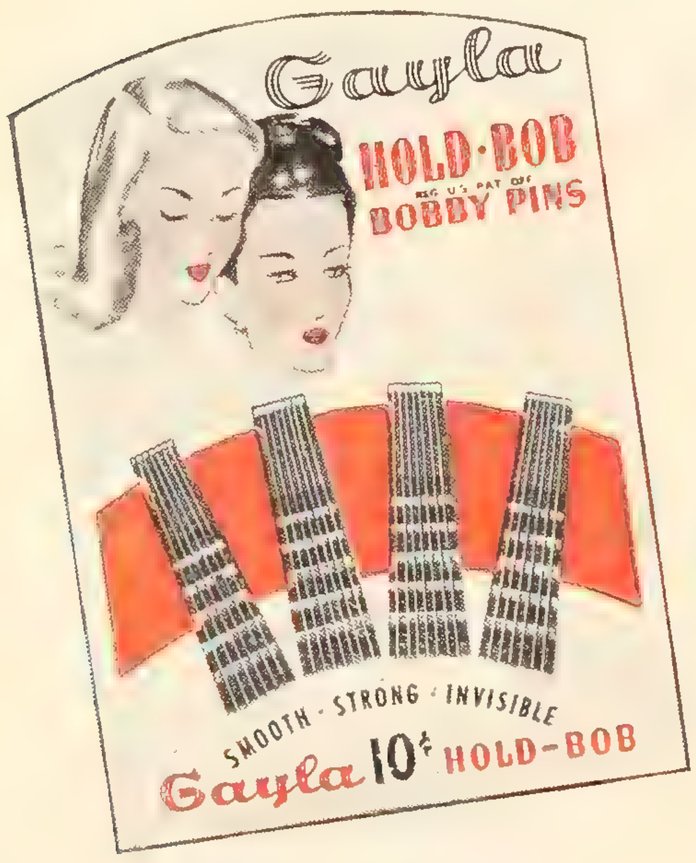
For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

have a
"party hair-do"
all day long



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Lovely hair-do . . . lovely dress—
of course you feel glamorous when
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and has his fears confirmed. The murdered man has had pneumonic plague. Now it's up to Widmark, and the police. Plague can kill off a city in no time, so they have to find everyone who's come in contact with the Armenian. They can't let the news out, for fear of starting a panic. If people flee the city, infection will spread to other cities through the country. Widmark's task seems hopeless. The identity of the corpse (which has to be burned) is unknown, the people who've had contact with him are equally unknown, and since some of them are murderers, they're anxious to keep it that way. *Panic in the Streets* is half-way fascinating, though not entirely satisfactory. You feel so strongly the terror that must accompany a ghastly epidemic that you're not nearly as optimistic as the city officials at the end of the picture. They believe catching the murderers will help them discover everybody who's been exposed to the disease. Me, I'm still haunted by the thought of all the restaurants the dead man ate in, and all the bartenders he gave change to, and all the hundreds of citizens whose clothes brushed against his clothes in the street.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes. 20th Century-Fox.



LOVE THAT BRUTE

This one is very Damon Runyon-ish. It tells about Chicago in the 20's, and the feud between Big Ed Hanley (Paul Douglas) and a boy called Pretty Willie (Cesar Romero), both racketeers. The feud's interwoven with a love story. Jean Peters, lovely clean-limbed American girl is the object of both these bums' affections, but she can't be bought. She can't even be borrowed. Throws a mink coat right back in Big Ed's face. (He's hired her to take care of a juvenile delinquent he claims is his son.) Jean doesn't really want to be a nurse anyhow. She wants to throw her heart (and quite a bit of the rest of her body) into night-club singing. Somehow, getting a load of her in bugle beads torching away, you start wondering if she's a split personality—half the time shocked, and the other half—shocking. Still, Big Ed is smitten, Pretty Willie is smitten, there's a terrible mess of trouble when all the men Big Ed's supposed to have murdered escape from his cellar (where they've been living in luxury because Ed's too kindhearted to rub anyone out) and the ending's happy. It's reminiscent, but fun. Also, a gay Rodgers and Hart tune called "You Took Advantage of Me" runs through the whole picture. Since Fox doesn't credit Rodgers and Hart, I'd like to.

Cast: Paul Douglas, Jean Peters, Cesar Romero, Keenan Wynn. 20th Century-Fox.



WINCHESTER '73

It seems that once in a dog's age, there's a rifle turned out, perfect in every detail. It even shocks the manufacturers. Such a gun can't be bought; it's priceless. Jimmy Stewart wins one (a "One of One Thousand" 1873 model Winchester) in a Dodge City contest (in 1873) after out-shooting a man called Dutch Henry Brown. (Other fancy names in this picture include High Spade Johnny Wilson, and Waco Johnny Dean.) Dutch Henry beats up Jimmy, steals the prize gun, loses it to an Indian trader who's murdered for it, etc. As we follow the Winchester's progress back into the hands of its rightful owner, we pass lightly through a piece of the war with the Indians, witness the plotting of a bank robbery, see assorted killings, and meet Shelley Winters, whose cowardly boyfriend tries to desert her when the heat is on. Natch, Shelley starts yearning after Jimmy, who'd never let a girl down. (He'd never look at a girl long enough to let her anything.) Jimmy gets his gun, Shelley gets her man, and Dutch Henry and Dan Duryea (he's Waco Johnny) gets their just desserts. There's a surprise ending, but as it was stolen straight out of Eagle-Lion's *The Sundowners*, you won't be surprised unless you missed that excellent western. This coincidence notwithstanding, *Winchester '73's* a good rough and ready western with fine acting.

Cast: James Stewart, Shelley Winters, Dan Duryea, Stephen McNally. Universal-International.

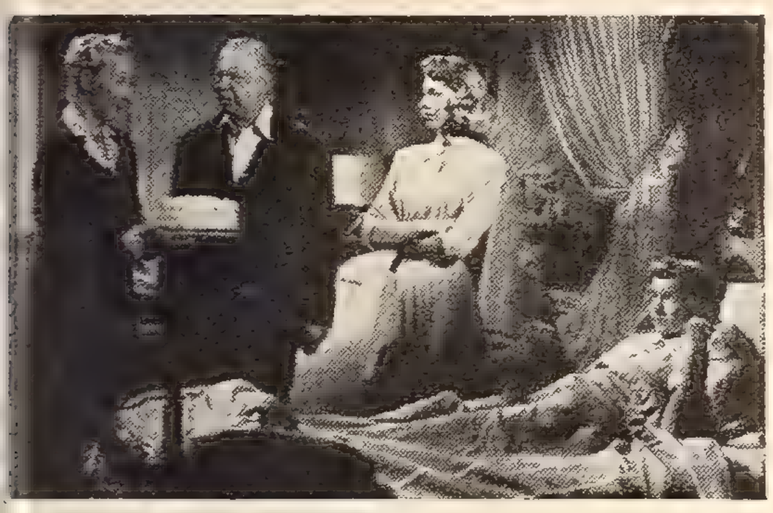


TREASURE ISLAND

Walt Disney's all-color, all-alive production (not a cartoon in the carload) of the Robert Louis Stevenson children's classic about pirates and buried treasure and adventure. Bobby Driscoll is fine as Jim Hawkins, the little boy who goes on the long voyage to Treasure Island, and Robert Newton has a field day playing Long John Silver, that crafty, mutinous split personality of a pirate who makes a buddy of "young 'orkins." You'll

meet all the old familiar characters—Squire Trelawney, Doctor Livesey, Captain Smollett, Ben Gunn. The movie sticks passionately close to the book, which is as it should be.

Cast: Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton, Basil Sydney, Walter Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea. Disney-RKO.



PEGGY

Some motion picture companies can make a nice, light-hearted Technicolored comedy. Universal isn't one of them. *Peggy's* not as boring as *Yes Sir, That's My Baby,* but it comes close. Story concerns retired professor Charles Coburn. His daughters, Diana Lynn and Barbara Lawrence, go to Pasadena City College, so they're both forced to enter the Rose Queen competition. (You never heard of a rose queen? That's the most thing they have in Pasadena!) Diana's secretly married to a football hero, and married women can't be rose queens, but if she drops out of the contest, her pop will find out she's married, and he hates football players, and he'll annul the young couple quicker than you can say "she's a minor." Then we have widowed Charlotte Greenwood pursuing Coburn whom she wishes to marry for reasons known only to herself and God. You never saw a crabbier old daddy in your life. And so it develops. Will everything go good? Yes, but who cares.

Cast: Diana Lynn, Charles Coburn, Charlotte Greenwood. Universal-International.



THE FLAME AND THE ARROW

Burt Lancaster's an Italian version of Robin Hood, back in the days when portions of Lombardy were under the yoke of the Germans. Man named Ulrich of Hesse is the villain who soaks the poor Italians of tax money. Besides taxes, he collects women, once took Burt's wife away. Burt doesn't care because he's still got his little son, and his merry men. Eventually, little son is kidnapped, there's a showdown between invaders and invaded, Burt winds up with Virginia Mayo (Ulrich's niece), and you see an acrobatic exhibition by Burt and his real-life old carnival partner, Nick Cravat, which is just as good as the ones in any circus. Besides the evil Ulrich, there's a two-faced no-good-nick named Allessandro, played by Robert Douglas, and just in case I've never mentioned it before, I'd like to mention it now. He has the sneeriest face—or the sneeriest two faces—in motion pictures.

Cast: Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo, Robert Douglas, Aline MacMahon. Warners.

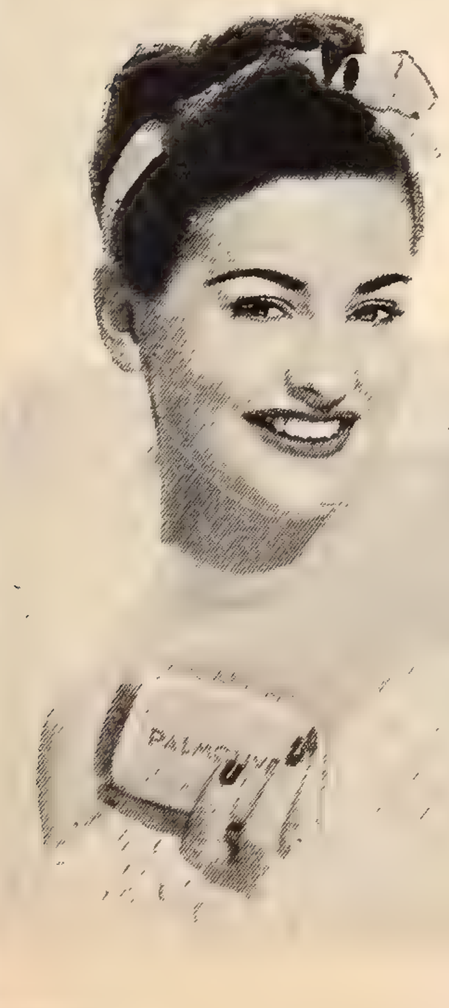


THREE LITTLE WORDS

The giants of popular music having been accounted for (there've already been movies about Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, etc.), MGM's reduced to telling the story of a couple of song-writers named Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. This duo wrote such numbers as *"So-long, OO-long," "Sunny Tennessee,"* and, of course, *"Three Little Words."* Astaire plays Kalmar, the vaudeville dancer who injures his knee and goes in for lyric manufacture (he

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For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather
that caresses your skin, leaves your body
glowing with a warm blush
of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath
with Bath Size Palmolive Soap





It's exquisite . . . It's economical. Big, *big* Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this thrifty Bath Size smooths and softens arms, back and shoulders...really gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion all over.

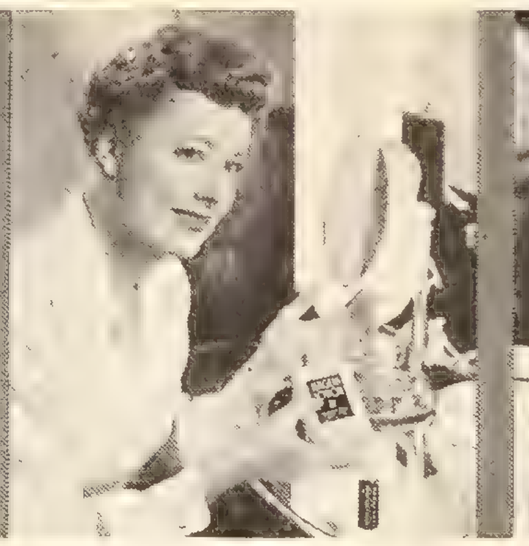
"This mud-pack was no beauty treatment!"



We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in "Come Share My Love." The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough . . .



A dust storm sandpapered my hands and face . . .



But Jergens Lotion kept my skin smooth and soft . . .



So it was lovely in close-ups with Fred MacMurray.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)

does magic tricks on the side), while Red Skelton enacts Harry Ruby, the tune maker who'd rather hit baseballs. Their wives are, respectively, Vera-Ellen (she dances wonderful, but she can't act much) and Arlene Dahl (she looks gorgeous but she can't act much). Technicolor and pleasant, but not up to the level of MGM's best musicals, like *Words and Music,* for instance.

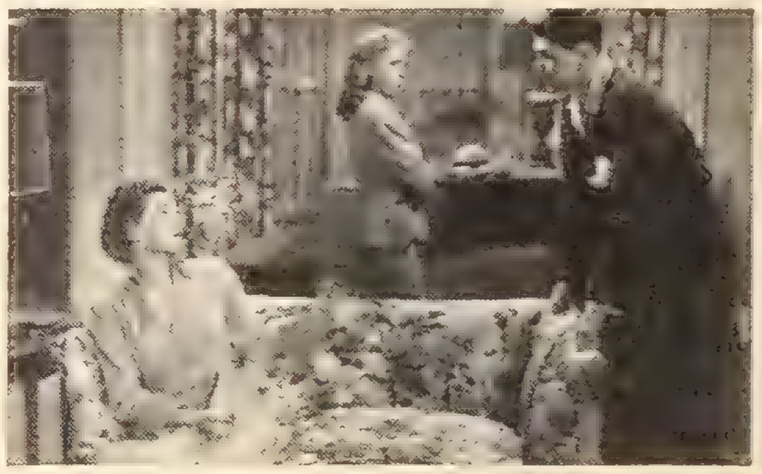
Cast: Fred Astaire, Red Skelton, Vera-Ellen, Arlene Dahl. MGM.



THREE HUSBANDS

Emlyn Williams, a corpse with a sense of humor, arranges for letters to be delivered (after his demise) to his three best male friends, informing them that he's had love affairs with their wives. Then, because Mr. Williams is the star of the picture, and no good to us dead, the flashbacks begin. His association with Shepperd Strudwick's wife. (Ruth Warrick. He took her to symphony concerts.) His association with Robert Karnes' wife. (Vanessa Brown. She was his nurse.) His association with Howard Da Silva's wife. (Eve Arden, and her he taught French, among other things.) Whether the three girls were really bad girls, I leave it to you. Picture's amusing, and there's a particularly funny bit by Louise Erickson as a serious-minded menace who's got her eye on Strudwick.

Cast: Emlyn Williams, Eve Arden, Howard Da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick. United Artists.



LOUISA

When Louisa (Spring Byington), Ronald Reagan's widowed mother, moves in on Ronald and his family, there are complications. Louisa has time on her hands, so she interferes in the affairs of the household. "Get some interests, mother," the desperate family suggests. They mean knitting, bridge, ladies aid. Packing spam for hungry slobbovians. Well, Louisa gets an interest—but it's *men.* Pretty soon she has two old codgers fighting for her; one of them's a grocer, and the other's Ronnie's wealthy boss. To Ronnie and the family, none of this seems dignified. A grandmother holding hands in the movies! Next

she'll be climbing trees and playing on a softball team. There's the problem. Picture's simple, kind-hearted. These are virtues. Picture's pretty dull. This is a vice.

Cast: Ronald Reagan, Piper Laurie, Ruth Hussey, Edmund Gwenn. Universal-International.



WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS

Dana Andrews as a taciturn detective who'd rather beat up a crook than eat a good meal. That's why he's so lean, and all the crooks hate him. Reason for his ways: his father was a criminal, and Dana's escaping his heritage. "Detectives should *find* evil-doers, not *punish* them," the police department tells him gently, but to Dana, a sock on the spot is worth two in the bush. When he accidentally kills an ex-war hero and then tries to cover up his deed, and then runs afoul of a gambling syndicate, and then falls in love with model Gene Tierney, the ex-war hero's ex-wife, he's got himself a case Mr. Anthony wouldn't touch. Special acting medal should go to old-timer Ruth Donnelly who plays a restaurant keeper with comedy and tenderness.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, Gary Merrill, Bert Freed. 20th Century-Fox.



SPY HUNT

Apparently, there is nothing more ferocious than a panther. Oh, them deadlly killers. Penniless Howard Duff is escorting two caged panthers home to America and a circus, in return for his own passage, when en route to Milan, Italy, he gets mixed up with Marta Toren who hides some microfilm in one of the panther's collars (first she dopes the beast) and first thing you know, you're in the middle of a spy story. At an inn in the Alps, we meet several suspicious characters, all supposedly out for the panther hunt (I forgot to tell you the panthers escape from the train when it's sabotaged). A few of these characters, however, are really out for the microfilm. Which twin is a secret agent? Which twin has the tommy-gun, and on whom will he use it? Very nice adventure stuff.

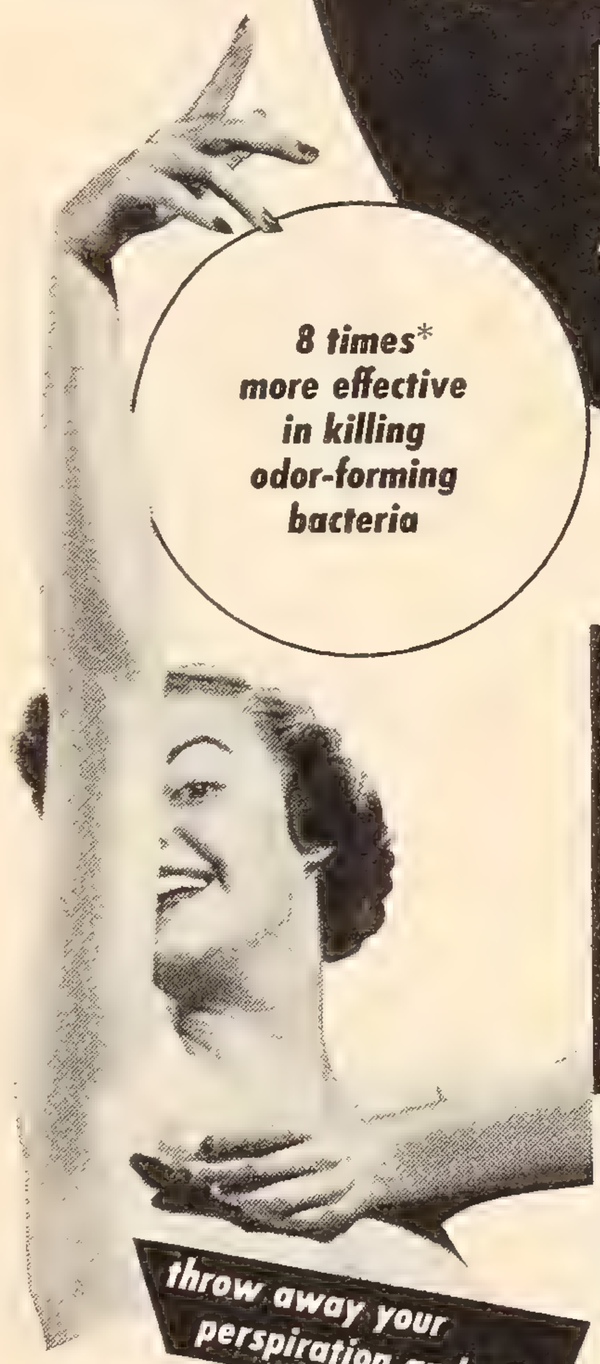
Cast: Howard Duff, Marta Toren, Robert Douglas. Universal-International.

5-day pads

new miracle pad deodorant WIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA that other types of deodorants leave under your arms!

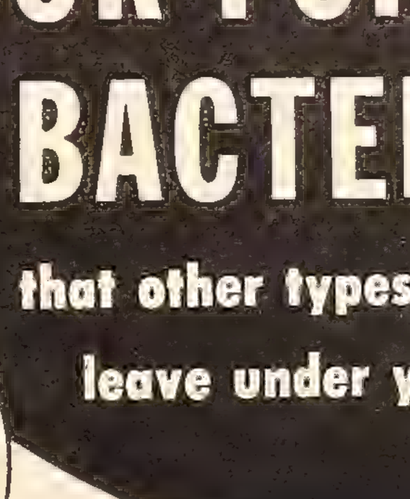
Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant . . . yet milder

8 times* more effective in killing odor-forming bacteria

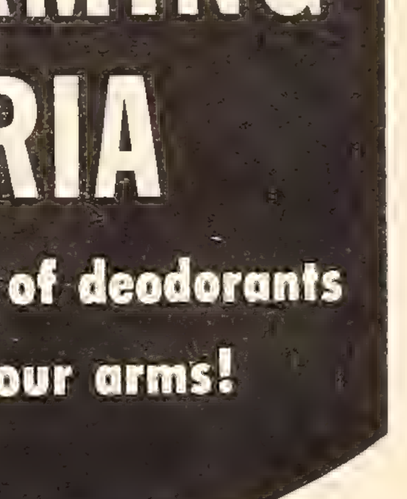


throw away your perspiration and odor

Laboratory Proof



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

No other deodorant is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants.

5-day

deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.

No Messy Cream

No Drizzly Spray

No Drippy Liquid



Harmless to skin and clothes

25c 55c $1.00

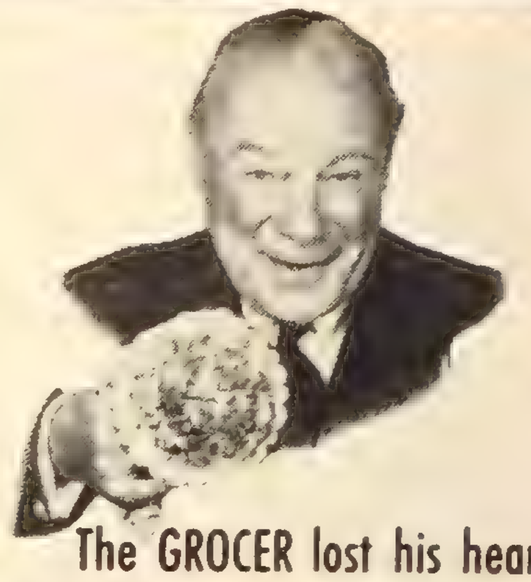
the FUNNIEST thing that ever happened to a family!



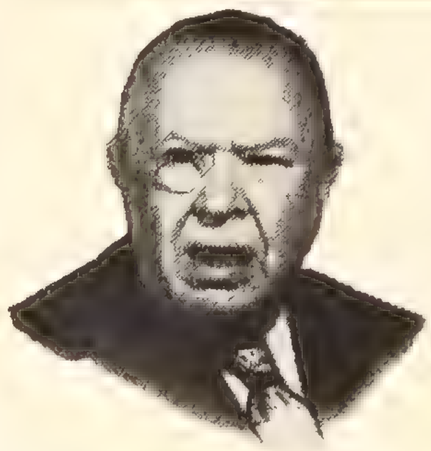
POP lost his vice-presidency!



MOM lost her peace of mind!



The GROCER lost his heart!



The TYCOON lost his shirt!



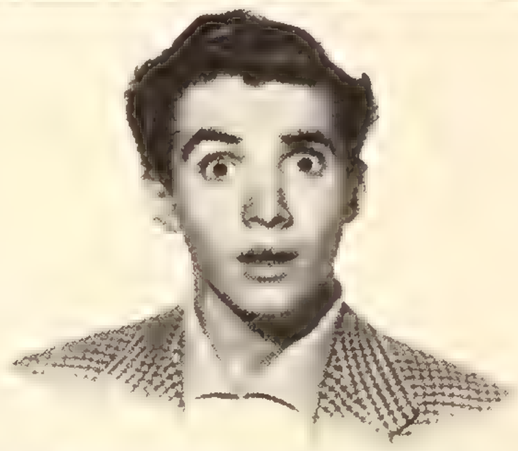
SISTER lost her boy friend!



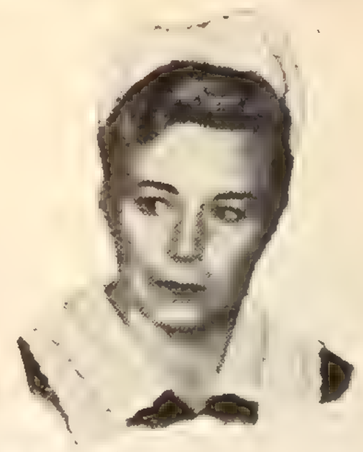
GRANDMA lost her manners!



SONNY lost his appetite!



The BOY FRIEND lost his voice!



The MAID lost her patience!

all because of

From the Company that gave you such comedy hits as "THE EGG AND I," "FAMILY HONEYMOON," and "FRANCIS."

Louisa

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

"THE WHOLE FAMILY'S NUTS!"



Starring

Ronald REAGAN · Charles COBURN · Ruth HUSSEY · Edmund GWENN · Spring BYINGTON

with

Piper LAURIE · Scotty BECKETT

Story and Screenplay by STANLEY ROBERTS • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

how about hollywood morals?

■ Ever since the first actress blinked into a movie camera and bared her lovely legs, the morals of Hollywood citizens have been subject to attack and condemnation. Hollywood's reputation as a sin-loving, pleasure-seeking mecca spread throughout the world.

In an effort to counteract this, Hollywood created a self-censoring organization in 1930 under Will Hays. (Now Eric Johnston is the director.)

Still Hollywood's reputation grew. The Bergman adventure, Rita Hayworth's royal and racy romance, Errol Flynn's eternal escapades provide ample material for Sunday sermons —and even congressional inquiries.

When Mr. Jackson, at the request of Senator Johnson, came to Hollywood to study its morals, he did not expect to go back to Washington empty-handed. Nevertheless, he did. At the moment when Hollywood could at last step forward and take its place on a level with cities everywhere, Judy Garland attempted to commit suicide, and the chorus of condemnation was heard again.

What really is going on?—MODERN SCREEN editors asked themselves. Exactly how did Hollywood get its reputation? What are the facts and what is the fantasy?

We decided to find out, and print the truth —without bias or censorship. Is Hollywood really as bad as they say or is it no worse—and no better—than any other American community? Do Rita, Ingrid, Errol and Judy typify the stars, or are they only the occasional expressions of the most glamorous, and at the same time, the most emotionally-consuming industry in the history of the world?

We think you will find the answers in our report on Hollywood morals. It starts on page 54.

Charles D Saxon

EDITOR



Beautiful but
dumb is an expression
they ought
to bury, for there
are girls like Lana,
who know everything
that books can't
teach, and whose hearts
know even more.

BY JANE WILKIE

Thou swell

• People who don't know Lana Turner have peculiar ideas about her. They think she's five-feet-three of whipped cream. They think she's dumb. They think she is haughty, flighty and shallow. Magazine editors assigning stories about her usually ask their reporters, "What does she —can she—read?"

This story is a defense of Lana Turner—not that she wants one, or really needs one. She stands very well on those beautiful legs of hers. But somewhere along the line too many people began to assume that a woman who is blonde, or eye-stopping, or possessed of any amount of sex-appeal, is bereft of brain power.

The assumption has no logical basis, but it's continually strengthened by a lot of less attractive women who say to themselves, "Well, she may be prettier than I am, but I'll bet I'm more intelligent."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Lana, as her friends will tell you, is a clear, logical thinker. She is one of the best-read women in Hollywood, and has a great awareness of the world outside Hollywood.

She is an animated conversationalist with a magnificent sense of humor. The first day she reported for work in one of her pictures, others in the cast warned her that the director had an annoying habit of working until seven or eight at night. Lana thanked them for the hint, and that evening, at six o'clock, the momentary quiet of the set was shattered by the pealing of a bell. Around the corner of a prop living room came Lana, swinging a huge cow bell (*Continued on page 81*)


ALLYSON
STAR~T

WONDERLAND

by June Allyson

I have an absent-minded husband and an addle-pated dog and a darling baby daughter who shop-lifts. Oh, I've got a lovely bunch of characters— so come on in, I'll introduce you to the folks who make it fun to be at home.



■ I always wanted a family of my own in a big house—the kind where the cookie jar is never empty, where someone's always sitting in your favorite chair, and the sunlight streams through the windows.

Well, now I have a family, and a house that I hate to leave in the morning—or any other time. At first glance, my family's small. There's Richard, Pamela and myself. But there are a lot of other people whom I like to include in our clan. Some of them live with us; some don't, but that doesn't matter, it's because of them that the house deserves to be called a home.

To explain what I mean, I'll present all of us to you one by one in a sort of play that doesn't really need a plot. First, there's the cast of characters:

(Resident)

Richard Ewing Powell: Actor, husband, head of the house. A disturbing man with deep blue eyes and sensational eyelashes.

Pamela Allyson Powell: Small ham, two years old but not cured. Twinkling eyes, wrinkling nose, 16 teeth.

Frances Olson: Nurse, called Olie. Patient, full of humor, busy 24 hours a day trying to cure the ham.

Marian: Cook, Scottish with brogue. Worries about me.

Frank: House man. Fights for his dignity. (A losing battle.)

Pat: French poodle, grey, birdbrain.

(Non-Resident)

Pat Grenier: Secretary. Knows all, tells nothing, can't ever find me.

Mr. Eggart: Gardener. No first name. Speaks eight syllable words only.

Act I: Breakfast. Mr. Powell and Me. At least, I *think* it's Mr. Powell. He's behind a newspaper.

ME: Good morning!

RICHARD: (*Two eyes appear briefly above paper*) Hi!

ME: (*I walk around the table, kiss the top of his head, get no reaction, sit down.*) Nice party last night, wasn't it?

Silence.

ME: I'm glad we came home early, aren't you?

Silence.

ME: What are you going to do today?

RICHARD: What?

ME: (slight edge) What are you going to do today?

RICHARD: Oh. Couple of meetings. Radio.

ME: I'm going to play golf this afternoon with Helen.

Silence.

RICHARD: (*from behind paper*) Eat your prunes, wife.

(*Enter Frank, bearing eggs.*)

ME: Frank, can you see me? Am I here—in this room?

FRANK: (*startled*) Why, yes, Mrs. Powell. I (*Continued on page 97*)

MODIGLIANI

He's not ready to settle down yet, so be patient, ladies. There's a lot of living he has to do— a lot of questions he has to answer . . .

BY JANE MARNER

the private affairs of FARLEY GRANGER

■ The ladies will have to wait—the five hundred beautiful ladies at the Barbizon Model Agency who voted him the Most Eligible Bachelor of 1950, and the thousands of other ladies who never got to vote, and the ladies who call him up all the time and say, "Mr. Granger, I would be happy to marry you"—they'll all have to wait.

Mr. Granger lives alone. He makes his own breakfast, and sometimes, his own lunch. He washes his own socks, and he plays tennis on Sundays. When he stops to think it's about his work, and perhaps about the day just recently when Sam Goldwyn called him into his office, and he went there in fear and apprehension.

He'd just finished work on *Edge of Doom*. It was a demanding, dramatic role which required him to kill a priest and then to wrestle with his awful conscience. He thought that he'd failed, and when Mr. Goldwyn looked at him quizzically and waved him to a chair, he was sure that he'd failed.

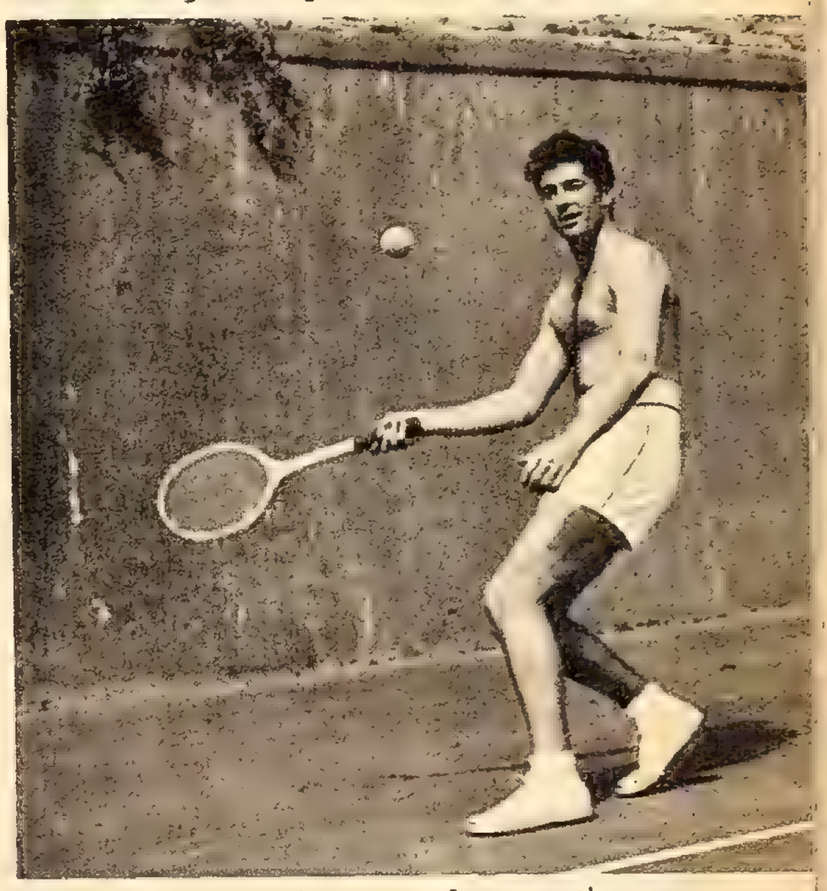
"I know you're tired," Mr. Goldwyn began. "I know you need a vacation. You can start today. But first—you know this picture is the thing I've been wanting to put you in for a long time, don't you—but didn't dare?"

Farley nodded. Here it came.

"I want to say to you that all the expectations and hopes I've had for you have been realized. I want to say that I'm very proud of this picture and of you. It's taken seven years, but it's been worth it. Together, you and I have made the greatest thing you can make in Hollywood. Together, Farley, we've made a new star." *(Continued on page 68)*



Farley lives alone and loves it. He's only a stone's throw from his parents' home, close enough to get some good meals.



He started tennis lessons a few months ago and whenever he's not working—he's on Bill Wyler's court, practicing his drives.



His apartment has a small, well-used sundeck. Farley is still adding art books and paintings to his already fine collection.

BIG SPLASH

Keeping cool was no problem at Tony Curtis' swimming pool party. His warm guests simply immersed themselves for the whole afternoon.



Joyce MacKenzie looked much too comfortable floating lazily down the Santa Ynez pool, so Tony Curtis, Roddy McDowall and Marshall Thompson decided to upset her rubber raft. "Help!" she shouts. "I'm drowning!"



Throwing caution to the winds, the girls climbed on those manly shoulders and tried pushing each other off. Barbara Thompson on Marshall and Amanda Blake on Roddy give Joyce (on Jack Beutel) the old heave-ho.

SWIMMING POOL PARTIES? "AW, THEY'RE ALL WET!" SAYS YOUR UNDERWATER REPORTER. by Beverly Ott

IT WAS one of those lazy summer Fridays when a working girl hates her typewriter, or any other excuse for lifting a finger. I'm a member of that species, and I wasn't wasting time glaring at my Remington. I was busy staring out the window—watching the sun shine on everything in sight.

The phone rang. *"Martyred Screen,"* I answered, and tried to keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"It's Tony Curtis," said Tony Curtis. "What're you doing?"

"Slaving over a hot story," I lied, hoping to make a fine, upstanding impression.

Mental telepathy never had it so good. "Come slave over a cool one," he invited. "We're going swimming at the Santa Ynez pool." Naturally, I played hard-to-get.

"Who?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure who's coming," Tony said. "Most of the people I called are busy. But I thought I'd launch Harvey anyway."

I had to think that one over. Poor boy. The heat had gone to his head. "Tony," I replied gently. "Rabbits don't swim. Not even invisible rabbits."

He laughed. His assurance that this rabbit would float was all I needed. Right away I recognized my duty. If Tony Curtis had a sunstroke, I should be writing a story about it beside a swimming pool—beside the Pacific ocean, if necessary. And preferably, under a beach umbrella.

Of course, when I made the announcement, everyone in the office thought I was the one with the bothered brain. But I have faced these insinuations before. So instead of being fazed, I went home to get my bathing suit and fountain pen and headed for the Santa Ynez Inn.

The pool, I found, is a body of water surrounded by a building. No wind. A sky full of sun. And beach chairs galore—two of which held Marshall and Barbara Thompson.

"Day off?" I inquired.

I got an indignant look for my curiosity. "I'm studying a script," Marsh said.

I didn't see any script. Later on, I noticed that he'd been sitting on it. Suddenly Roddy McDowall and Amanda Blake came up out of the pool for air. "Office closed?" asked Roddy.

"I'm doing underwater interviews," I told him and produced my fountain pen. "I thought *you* couldn't come. Don't you have a radio show this afternoon?"

He seemed slightly sheepish. "Today I'm transcribed," he said, mopping his brow.

Amanda disappeared for a minute. She returned with an armload of towels. "Let me help," I volunteered, grabbing a handful and scattering them around the cement.

"Hey, wait a second—they go over me, not under me," she grinned. Then she stretched out and covered up. Amanda's a gorgeous redhead, who looks like Greer Garson, and could probably accumulate a mass of freckles by sitting near an electric bulb. But the weather had proved too good to resist so she'd joined our happy group of truants.

Joyce MacKenzie showed up next. "I shouldn't be here," were her first words. "I just moved into a new apartment and I ought to be getting it straightened." *(Continued on next page)*



Joyce decides to get even by sinking all the men. Armed with an inner tube, she paddled over to Jack Beutel, yelling "Prepare to submerge! Prepare to submerge!" Jack blithely ignored her—and she promptly sank him.



Barbara stretches out on the diving board while Marshall and Amanda apply the suntan oil. Amanda was next and they really coated her—she doesn't even need the sun to get freckles.



Joyce MacKenzie takes over chef's duties at the Santa Ynez pool, while host Tony Curtis hopes for the best.



There's nothing like a swim to rouse those appetites—and hamburgers and salad go down in record-breaking time.



As the sun sinks slowly in the west, the gang collapses on the water's edge while Harvey, the rabbit, keeps watch.

the big splash continued

She went in and put on her bathing suit instead.

Jack Beutel was the worst offender. "I had an appointment with the dentist," he admitted. "But maybe it'll be cloudy tomorrow and I can make another one."

Finally we caught sight of Tony. He was carefree. He was so carefree that he'd forgotten his bathing suit. But he remembered Harvey. Harvey was a rubber rabbit. He took to the water as if he'd been floating all his inflated life. And Tony, who managed to borrow a suit, followed.

A small voice in the back of my head told me I should be working. "Come down and say a few words," I told Roddy. Then I held my nose and headed for the bottom of the pool. Might as well make this authentic.

Roddy joined me. "Blub," he said.

We surfaced and saw Joyce drifting up and down on the raft. After a short conference, Roddy and the rest of the fellows maneuvered a surprise attack. "Now Joyce will say a few words," he yelled as they tossed her overboard.

"Blub," said Joyce.

Next came what is known in polite swimming circles as a water battle. Barbara climbed on Marsh's shoulders, Joyce on Jack's and Roddy carried Amanda. The idea was for one of the girls to get dunked. Tony, who refereed, declared that the large splash signified Joyce had lost the fight. I think she spent more time underwater than anybody—except me. And I was there on business.

Joyce took her revenge out on Jack. Under he went. I guess I don't have to tell you what he said. He came up in time to just miss getting hit on the head by Marshall, who was jumping, feet first, through the water ring.

I was sitting by the pool soaking my feet when I heard a couple of familiar snickers. I turned around to see a couple of much too familiar faces. Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, MODERN SCREEN's ace photographers, were leering down at me. "Underwater interviews, floating rabbits. You're all wet," they snickered.

"What're you doing here?" I wanted to know.

"We thought we'd try out our waterproof cameras," they retorted. And then they went away. I thought their tone a little cold for such a warm day, so I slipped back into the pool and went under two and a half times.

Food brought all of us back to dry land. The chef carted out a grill and began to whip up some hamburgers and trimmings. "My specialty," Joyce murmured.

Tony seemed skeptical. But the chef was more than willing to help the lady in distress. He loaned her his cap and handed her the spatula. Tony's pretended scorn spurred her on to a *(Continued on page 89)*



When is tragedy forgotten. when can love grow? For June. the time is now. by Cynthia Miller

■ She was sitting in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox. poking away at a fruit salad. A friend sat with her but they didn't talk much. there was too much noise swirling around and the incessant clattering of dishes made them tired. Now and then someone waved to her and June would smile and wave back. but there was no gaiety in her gesture.

Suddenly June looked up and found herself staring into the eyes of a stranger sitting a few tables away. For a second which seemed like an hour they sat gazing at each other and then. almost blushing. June jabbed her fork into the cottage cheese once more.

"Who is that man?" she asked her friend, motioning in his general direction.

Her friend looked startled. For months June hadn't shown the slightest interest in anyone remotely resembling a male. but her friend obediently replied, "That's Sy Bartlett."

"Sy Bartlett? The man who wrote *Twelve O'Clock High?*"

"The very one."

"You know," June sighed. "I'd like to meet him."

That was the moment when June Haver came alive again. Not long after. her friends began to wonder if June Haver was in love again. They hope so: they think so. But sometimes they can't help worrying. . . .

Love means different things to many women. Some measure it by the diamonds in their jewel box; some treat it like an accessory to their winter wardrobe and discard it with each new season. But there are other women whose hearts can be reached by a sudden smile, whose *(Continued on page 101)*

Not far from the lights and cameras is a magic town, where stars are only twinkling props.

I discovered San

by Jane Wyman



Jane gets a thrilling view of San Francisco as Barry McCarthy shows her the city's points of interest. *Below:* She and friend Betsy Kaplan ride up and down the hills in one of San Francisco's old cable cars.

■ I had nothing to do—not a thing, for forty-eight hours. I was getting a little nervous about it when Al Schwabacher Jr., an old friend of mine, called.

"Why don't you come to San Francisco?" he said.

I called up Betsy Kaplan, another old friend, and I said, "Why don't we go to San Francisco?"

And we went just like that.

We took The Lark out of Los Angeles on Thursday night, feeling as gay as a couple of schoolgirls on their way to a fraternity dance.

"This was a wonderful idea," said Betsy.

"Oh," I said, loftily, "there was nothing to it." Of course, there was. Al is a member of The Guardsmen—a group of young San Francisco businessmen who organized a few years ago to combat juvenile delinquency. After the war, The Guardsmen decided to finance a summer camp for under-privileged children. *(Continued on page 38)*



rancisco



ne was fascinated by the colorful, exotic shops in San Francisco's China-wn and shopped for fine porcelain dishes. She almost bought a dried sea rse for her son but the proprietor insisted they were for eating—not playing.





On Fisherman's Wharf, Jane and Betsy inspect part of the day's haul—some giant crabs. *Below:* they pose prettily for a wharf cameraman—Price 25 cents and all work guaranteed.



Dinner with Betsy and a friend at India House is a never-to-be-forgotten affair. It's one of San Francisco's most fabulous restaurants, serving authentic dishes in lovely surroundings.

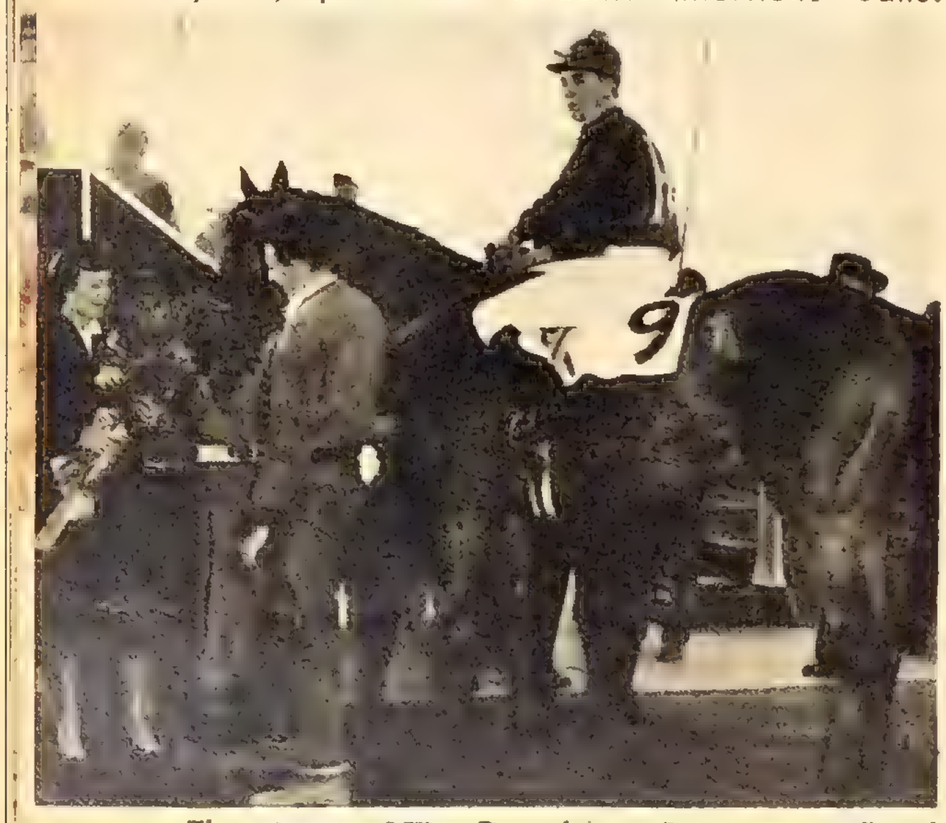




At the Mark Hopkins hotel, Jane Wyman pours coffee for San Francisco Mayor Leo Halley.



The Junior Press Club comprised ot outstanding young journalism students interviews Jane.



The winner of The Guardsmen Race gets a floral tribute and *below* it's time to say goodbye.



I discovered San Francisco continued

This weekend they wanted me to be their guest at The Guardsmen Race, whose proceeds would go toward the camp.

On Friday morning we were standing in the corridor of the train, looking out at Oakland's Bay, a thin wisp of fog away from San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge stood in the early light like a giant sentinel. Oh, San Francisco, I thought, how I love you—the sights, the sounds, the smells . . . I was lost in my rhapsodic musings when a voice behind me boomed, "That San Francisco! The worst earthquake couldn't spoil it. The big fire couldn't destroy it. And it's a cinch you can never forget it!"

The voice belonged to a tall, grey-haired man with a military moustache who looked as if he'd done a lot of traveling. If he can feel this way about San Francisco, I said to myself, I guess the lump in my throat is understandable.

I've been to San Francisco before. We staged camp shows there during the war, and some of my friends live there. But it's a funny thing. Every time I get off the train I feel like an explorer. I feel lost in all the excitement. I feel that this is one place in the world where no matter who you are or how much you've seen there's still so much more to learn and experience.

We had quite an experience almost as soon as The Lark glided to a stop. There were no frenzied mobs to greet us—just a few nice children with flowers, and some friendly reporters who took our arrival down for the record. MODERN SCREEN's photographer, Sprague Talbot, waved a greeting. A couple of The Guardsmen welcomed us officially, and then we met Milton Miskel and Bill Williams, two motorcycle policemen. Milt and Bill were very nice, I discovered, but Milt and Bill are also very speed-crazy.

Betsy and I were shown into a shiny convertible with the top down, and as soon as the door was closed behind us, sirens rent the air. I felt like sliding to the bottom of the car, but after all, it was an open car and someone would have noticed. As it was, traffic had stopped and everyone started staring.

"What is it?" I said to Betsy. "What's the matter?"

She smiled at me weakly. "I guess it's us," she said.

It was Milt and Bill, and suddenly I was too busy hanging on to my head to even ask why they needed sirens to take us at seven-thousand miles an hour to the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

When we got to the hotel we saw a big group of men standing out in front, apparently waiting for someone.

"Why, isn't that sweet," I thought. "All those nice men have come just to greet us."

As it happened all those men had come to stage a drawing of ten names for The Guardsmen Race which was to be held at the Tanforan Track. Each name was to be assigned to a horse in the race and prizes would be given out accordingly to the winners.

Thousands of tickets had been sold for the event, and it was my honor to select the ten names.

After the drawing, Betsy and I attended a welcome luncheon, and I was interviewed by motion picture editors of San Francisco papers. I must have answered dozens of adroitly put questions, and I don't think I can be accused of apple-polishing if I say there's a distinctive, rugged quality to San Francisco newspapers that is typical of the city itself.

The press conference was followed by sightseeing. We wanted to see everything—and anything. We went down to Fisherman's Wharf and wandered around. Sprague Talbot came with us to take pictures—but he had competition. There was a little (*Continued on page 84*)

in a series | *what the stars believe*

I remember when

by Glenn Ford

. . . I measured a man by the size of his reputation. But then I learned that people are only as big as their hearts . . .



■ When I was 19 and getting nowhere in the acting business I wrote a fan letter to two stars. The first star I won't mention by name. I asked him for an autographed photograph. He neither sent it nor acknowledged my letter in any other way. My request to the second star was not so simple. He was Henry Hull whom I had just seen on the stage as Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road*. I was fascinated by his makeup and actually asked him if I might see him personally with the makeup on. *That* was the letter I didn't think would be answered. But I was wrong.

Because back came a reply reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. Ford, you are most welcome to come backstage to my dressing room anytime after seven o'clock in the evening."

I went. He had left word at the stage door and I was taken to his room. He was without his makeup but he set me down on a chair and let me watch him put it on. He talked to me all the time, explained the technique he used and answered every question I asked. Afterwards he had someone take me into the theater and put me in a seat so I could watch the show again.

I have never seen Mr. Hull since. He knows I was grateful because I thanked him that night. But he doesn't know what went on in my mind for long afterwards.

This was it:

I had always liked him as an actor. But now, *(Continued on page 73)*

love me, love my house

Deceptively small when viewed from the road in Mandeville Canyon, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay's modernistic home is rambling and sunny. Behind that stone exterior are three big bedrooms, a den, three bathrooms, a dining-living room, and a deluxe kitchen. John, an architec designed the house, fitting it into its natural setting without movi a tree. He brought nature inside, too—via an indoor garde

THEY GET THE SUN IN THE MORNING AND THE MOON AT NIGHT IN THE MODERN HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT. AND EVE

■ This was their third date. They'd seen a ball game and gone dancing and held hands through a double feature; and now they were sitting in a Beverly Hills restaurant.

First, she was chatty, then she was witty, then she was attentive, waiting for him to talk. But John Lindsay, the young architect, wouldn't. He sat there in his best Brooks Brothers suit, polite and smiling, his thoughts obviously elsewhere.

"Strange guy," Diana Lynn mused.

Suddenly, John sprang to his feet. "Let's get out of here," he said urgently. Diana gulped her coffee and they got out of here.

They hopped into his car and started for the ocean highway. Most Hollywood couples drive there on warm, August nights. A mile from the Pacific, John swung his car onto one of the winding, woody canyon roads that branch off from Sunset Boulevard and disappear into the hills.

"This guy is getting a little corny," thought Diana. "If he comes up with som thing like running out of gas, I'll simp laugh in his face."

John pulled up beside a grove of syc mores, turned off the motor, and reach out. Diana retreated. He laughed. "I just looking for a flashlight," he explain "I want to show you something."

Before Diana could blush, he was out the car, sweeping a beam of light back a forth across a partly-constructed house.



n the back of one of their wool-covered couches, Diana looks toward dining table and candelabra designed by John. The far wall is s Verdes stone—the same stone used on the house's exterior.



A "cook's view" of the living room (through the sliding section between kitchen and dining area) shows the spectacular fireplace. Built into one wall, it's their favorite corner for entertaining.



ether or not Diana's expecting company for dinner, she always dines candlelight. Drawstring curtains conceal the picture-frame windows; r to the kitchen is visible next to shelves on the wall at right.



The service bar between kitchen and dining-living area enables Diana to chat with John and guests while fixing a snack of Royal Crown Cola. Here's a glimpse of her sparkling kitchen.

OUGH DIANA LYNN FEELS LIKE NATURE GIRL—SHE LIVES HERE JUST LIKE A QUEEN. by Marwa Peterson

o Diana's untrained eyes, the house two stone walls and some upright rds. "Isn't this nice," she said, helpfully. ut John was gazing rapturously into the i-darkness, as a mother might gaze at only child. He wore on his face the , lost expression that people in love are posed to wear. His eyes were peeled the orderly arrangement of lumber and e. "Yah," he mumbled after awhile. re is. Come on, I'll explain it to you."

He helped Diana rip her nylons as she gaily jumped over the foundations. "See how this house nestles up against the hill?" he asked excitedly. "I've hardly had to disturb a tree to fit it in. When all the plastering and painting are done, I think I'll plant some fool-proof shrubs like cyclamen and fuchsia and begonia. A month after the house is completed, you won't know it's new. There won't be any of that raw, new look about this place. I've designed it so that it would merge with the natural background. Get the picture?"

Diana, who could barely see two feet in front of her, smiled wanly. "It's just fascinating," she said.

"And from here to here," he continued, "There'll be 25 feet of glass panels reaching from floor to ceiling. I'm all for a combined dining and living room. What's the point of having a separate dining room? I think I'll work *(Continued on next page)*



The Lindsays' living room looks into the garden through an almost solid pane of glass. But there's nothing like the real outdoors for playing with their lively dog.



As she looks over some new plans with architect John, Diana nostalgically remembers the days when her house was a mere framework. He calls this den his junk shop.



One whole corner is devoted to Diana's impressive record collection and big Philco radio-phonograph. Out of the camera's range are her music cabinet and piano.

out some sort of interior planting. There's nothing like having a garden inside your house as well as outside."

"That will be real nice," said Diana.

"And another thing," John ran on, "these stone walls that you see. Well, I'm going to make them a structural part of the house. I'm not going to cover the stone with paint or plaster. It's much too beautiful for that. I'm going to let it show. This wall will be part of the den and this one with the fireplace in the middle, completes one end of the living room."

Diana felt it her duty to be interested, intrigued, enraptured, so at this point, she decided it was the propitious time for an intelligent question. She pointed to the floor areas where pipes were zig-zagging all over the place. "Are these the bathrooms?" she asked.

Lindsay's laughter shattered the night air. "All this a bathroom?" he howled. "Why, no, honey, hardly. These pipes are for what is called radiant heating. They're built under the floor. When you turn the heating on, the heat comes up from the bottom, through the floor, and heats the house without causing any drafts. What's more, it's very economical."

"Is that right?" Diana said, ready to cry. "Economical, and no drafts. Right up from the floor . . ."

"And that's not all, either," her date continued. "This house is jammed with the latest economical system. Take the electrical system. All the light outlets are on a bell cord and the current runs at a low frequency rate which can be stepped up by a transformer when it's needed. This house has an awful lot of wiring, but the bills will be cut in half by this low frequency system."

"Oh, brother," Diana thought, "what is he talking about?" Finally, she took a deep breath, and plunged. "John," she said, "how many rooms has this house got?"

"Three bedrooms, three baths and a den," he explained. "It sounds large but a young couple could live in it very reasonably. The kitchen is small and compact. A girl could do all her work by just pushing buttons. All she'd have to do is put the children out on the patio and watch them through the large window." And then, just as suddenly as he'd begun his lecture, John Lindsay stopped. "It's late," he said. "I'd better be taking you home."

In the months that followed, John and Diana had other dates, only they were of a more conventional nature. She invited him to buffet suppers at her bachelorette apartment where they ate and talked about each other. She introduced him to her family, and he presented her to his. They didn't say any more about the house.

Very cleverly and in easy stages, Diana let John find out what sort of life a young actress leads: the tight schedules, the demands of the publicity departments, the confabs with agents, directors, and studio executives. She mixed this up with a little piano-playing; and exactly four months from the day they met, the inevitable happened. On December 18th, 1948, in the Healy Chapel at the University of Southern California, Diana Loehr (that's her real name) became Mrs. John Lindsay.

A three-week honeymoon in New York followed and then they went back to Beverly Hills where they rented a cute little cottage at an astronomical rent. Diana tried to be a patient and efficient housewife, but in those cramped quarters, it was tough. Her gowns and his (*Continued on page 92*)



Diana has put her wedding silver behind sliding glass panels in the dining area. It's always on display here, yet remains untarnished and ready for immediate use.



When John's busy in his studio, Diana can still talk to him from the living room via the two-way Webster electric telephone speaker system linking all rooms.

The master bedroom is a triumph of beauty over economy—drapes are sailcloth, bed merely box springs on legs.



Betty steps out

Anything you can do, she can do more of—the dancing, the singing, the dissolving in tears. That's Hutton—the hoyden, the fiery angel.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ A handsome actor, who would rather keep his name to himself, took Betty Hutton out on a simple date a few years ago. He appeared at his studio the next morning obviously shaken from the experience. When quizzed for details of the evening's fun, he said warily, "I'd rather not discuss it. There is one thing, though. Along about eleven o'clock the situation becomes tense, and you're not quite sure whether she's going to marry you right on the spot, dissolve into a mist of tears, or just plain explode and get all over everybody."

Try to pin an appropriate label on this girl and your choice is as good as anyone's. Take all the fancy phrases ever used, hook any one of them on Hutton and it'll fit—Blonde Bombshell, Bouncing Beauty, Sad Sandra, Moody Myrtle, Bitter Betty, Marvelous Mama. To make up a brand new word, Betty Hutton is an enigma.

Hollywood was introduced to Betty at the Paramount studios via a musical called *The Fleet's In.* The set was a studio designer's idea of a battleship and there was a large stage on which a hundred or so performers were just about ready to burst into song and dance in a producer's idea of the gay life in the United States Navy. Half a dozen cameras were set up at strategic positions ready to capture the action. The director was absent at the moment as none of the principals were involved in the scene, and the shot was in the hands of an assistant director. He turned to *his* assistant and said:

"Where's that new girl? What's her name—Button?"

"I think *(Continued on page 46)*



Recently in New York, Betty planned on doing the town—came down with a virus instead. She spent most of her time in her Plaza suite with Lindsay and Candy.



Betty steps out continued

it's Mutton—and here she comes now," the second assistant whispered.

Betty Hutton, her head down, a suspicious, doleful expression on her face, came into the set and took a pre-determined position at the front of the stage. The man with the megaphone shouted a few last minute instructions and ordered the action to get underway.

The music started, the sailors began to sing and dance and it seemed as though somebody had whacked the new girl across the backside with the carving edge of a sabre. Howling at the top of her lungs, she began to leap high in the air and from one side of the stage to the other like a spring fly that had just made an emergency landing on a pancake griddle. There was a moment of uncertainty during which all of the assistant directors exchanged puzzled glances. Finally, one gathered his wits.

"HOLD IT! HOLD IT!" he howled. "What the devil is going on up there?"

THE action simmered down and the head man walked to Betty.

"Is there something the matter with you?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Betty. "I feel fine."

"You're supposed to be a singer," said the director. "What's all that jumping around?"

"That's how I sing," said Betty belligerently.

"Well, try and keep it down," said the director, "so we can get you in the picture."

Eleven hundred dollars worth of film later five jibbering cameramen held a meeting and called Buddy De Sylva, the studio production head. Somebody was out to get them was their complaint. A total of a hundred and nine years service in Hollywood they had, and they couldn't get a clear shot of a silly stage full of sailors. Every time the music started, some girl began to leap like a dervish and the whole thing became blurred.

"That would be Hutton," said De Sylva. "Tell you what to do. Just keep all of the cameras on her. Don't pay any attention to anybody else. We might as well realize right now that nobody is going to ignore Betty."

And that's practically the way it has been ever since.

There is an emotional instinct in Betty Hutton that rules her life, passes beyond normalcy and makes of her a thing removed from lesser mortals. It inspires her work, forbids ordinary friendship—with her it's either complete love or bitter hatred—and fouls up her romantic life completely. She has been pictured many times as a simple housewife, tolerantly capable in the domestic scene, and apt at stoking a man's pipe and carrying his slippers. Hogwash! Pipes and slippers, phooey! If her home isn't a madhouse she's sick. If she likes a guy, she'll settle for nothing less than washing his hair, doing his laundry, filling his teeth and making him an overcoat. If she doesn't like him, he'd better keep his door locked, for she is likely to conk him, cut him up in little pieces and feed him to some cats.

VICTOR MATURE could tell you about the maudlin Hutton. Betty, Victor will tell you, has a heart closer to the surface than anyone he has ever met. On his first date with her a few years ago, they dined with another couple at a Hollywood restaurant. At the end of dinner, it was decided that they would all go to Vic's new house for a nightcap. They set out in separate cars. Vic arrived last and shut off the car lights in the driveway. A soft flow of music came from the speaker of the radio and Betty and Vic sat for a moment to hear the tune through. A speck of dust flew in Vic's eye and he rubbed it. A half hour later they went inside, both of them sniffling and red-eyed.

Afraid that something terrible had happened, Vic's friend pulled him aside into another room.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "What have you two been crying about?"

"I don't know," said Mature. "Some dust flew in my eye and I guess I rubbed it too hard. When I turned to Betty, she saw it and said, 'Why, honey, you're crying.' She burst into tears, then I did, and we've both been sitting out there ever since weeping like a couple of lost kids. I don't know what came over me."

Most of the guys who meet Betty Hutton have no idea what comes over *them*, either. One chap described it as, "It's sort of like being engulfed—if there is such a word. She's the sweetest thing you ever met. Wants to go dutch at dinner and things like that. And when you dance with her, you feel as though she needs you. Then somebody hits a hot lick on a trumpet and you have to hang on or go flying off into space. And on the way home, you're not sure whether to call a cab—or go swinging off through the tree tops. She's just, well, different, *(Continued on page 83)*

back to school fashions

by connie bartel, fashion edit

■ There is really no thrill like the ve special excitement of the re-opening school. There's a hint of all sorts unknown kicks to come—new guys and g to meet, new after-class shindigs, the n football team and its chances.

To get the mosta and the besta out of these *new's*—you must, natch, have n clothes. And new clothes we've corrall for you—whether you're off to junior hig high, or college.

We begin with the green gabardine s houette dress worn by Cecile Aubrey opp site—a natural for class, with zing, ye On page 48, sculptured wool when you a yen for sophistication—and a plaid shi maker, jazzed up with velvet. The bigg news of all is our two low-pocket dress on page 49—proof positive that you real cool on fashion.

Suits we've got, naturally. On page take your choice between a fitted versi or a nice easy boxy one. Page 51, look Faith Domergue demonstrating two kin of classics—the one with the extra touch for fun—or the one that's pure simplici to add your own fun to.

Need we mention sweaters and skirt Would school be school without ther Pages 52-53—some beauties, all mixab matchable, and wonderful. Ready? Reme ber, roll call right after Labor Day.

Cecile Aubry wears college campus side-buttoned gabardine

■ Cecile Aubry, who plays title role in 20th Century-Fo *The Black Rose*, opposite Tyr Power—makes like pedalling off school in green gabardine. Butt streak diagonally across the bodi then angled down one side—pockets are thrice draped, thr buttoned—the total effect is terr for class—and why not a d afterward?

In Burlington's crease-resist rayon whippet gabardine. Also wi butterscotch, peacock, and bei Sizes 10-20, and—important!—a half-sizes 14½-22½.

By Eve Carver—$7.95.

All featured back-to-school fashi in this issue at The Hecht Co pany, Washington, D. C.

modern
screen
fashions

BACK TO SCHOOL

....in slim sculptured wools

1. The slim wool, dark or bright—practically an entrance requirement. This one has a jewelry or scarf neckline; four pockets on a slant; new-for-winter short sleeves; and sculptured lines to show your figure. Right for class, but datable, too. 100% sheer wool crepe. Black, red or green. Sizes 10-18. $17.95.

2. Checked wool collared in velvet, the 1950-51 version of your pet shirtwaist dress. It buttons down the front for quick climbing into; sophisticated trouser-pleats round your hips and pare your waist; the long sleeves are buttoned once, for that finished look. All wool, in brown, red, navy or green. Sizes 12-20. $17.95.

3. If you've got your eye on the most-fashionable-girl-on-campus title—wear your pockets halfway to your knees. The lower your pockets, the higher your rating for the low-down on clothes. As smart as corduroy can be—with zip-front, winter-short sleeves, a collar for your gadgets. Red, grey, green, brown. 10-18. $14.95.

4. More low pockets—this time on a fuzzy mohair skirt, topped by a knitted wool worsted jersey—as fashionable, and comfortable, as you can get! The skirt guarantees an audience; the dropped shoulder blouse cuts a figure; the studded belt sparks the works. Grey skirt; red yellow, rust or green top. Sizes 10-16. $22.95.



ALL DRESSES BY HENRY ROSENFELD

BOTH PAGES OF MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS AT THE HECHT CO., WASH., D. C.
FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 69

..in low pockets for high fashion



3

4

phony Scarves
ew Necklace
eydebs Shoes
ean Bags
erican Knit Gloves

BACK TO SCHOOL

—in flannels and plaids

Who can think of college without one good, good suit, cut from superb menswear fabric, finished with the finesse only expert man-tailoring can achieve? Herewith, two absolutely gilt-edged investments!

Right: Good grey flannel, favorite of guys *and* gals—cut for the girl with a figure in a five-button jacket with three slash pockets, to top a slim skirt. In fine yarn-dyed menswear flannel. Sizes 10-20; also petite sizes 10-20.
BY ROSENBLUM OF CALIFORNIA
—$39.95.

Far right: Box jacket suit, right any school, any semester, and so easy to wear. Beautifully turned lapels, flap pockets, and a skirt with a good hang. All-wool shadow plaid, in muted blue or pumpkin.
Sizes 10-20.
BY ROSENBLUM OF CALIFORNIA
—$39.95.



BOTH PAGES OF MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS AT THE HECHT CO., WASH., D. C. FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 69

In corduroys and gabardines

Faith Domergue, Howard Hughes' new dramatic discovery you're currently seeing in RKO's *Where Danger Lives,* demonstrates that there's no bigger blessing to you college girls than the basic dress. Moreover, she proves you can take your basics spiced, as left, or straight, as below. But basics you must have.



Above: Corduroy's loved on every campus—especially pin-wale—especially with gilt eyelets climbing to a stand-up collar, and a big-pocketed twirling skirt. Red, green, rust, beige. Sizes 9-15.
BY PAM ROGERS. $14.95.

Right: Classic for classrooms—
fly-front Action-aire dress with
bi-swing back, action armhole, front
zipper. Green, wine, butterscotch,
peacock, beige.
Burlington's crease-resistant whippet
gabardine. Sizes 10-20; 14½-22½.
BY EVE CARVER. $7.95.

Shoes by Honey Debs



THE MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES AT THE HECHT CO., WASH., D. C. FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 69



1.



2.

1. *The Sweaters:* Semi-box wool pullover $3.98; with matching cardigan, $4.98. Grey, navy, brown, green, wine, rust, black.
The Skirt: The wonderful whirling 20-gore roller skirt that never has to be pressed—just hang it over a steaming tub. Fitted at hips, flared. Wool zephyr doeskin flannel. Sizes 12-18; jr. sizes 9-15. $8.98.

2. *The Sweaters:* Short-sleeved wool pullover, Sanforlan treated so it won't shrink out of shape, $3.98; matching cardigan, $5.98. Grey, wine, green, rust, purple, natural, navy, royal, black, brown.
The Skirt: Artfully cut on the bias, to fit at the hips and achieve a gay and graceful swing. Topped with self-belt. In smooth wool zephyr doeskin flannel. $5.98.

ALL SKIRTS BY COLLEGE-TOWN

All skirts, in menswear grey, hunter green, raspberry wine, rust, brown, black.

BACK TO SCHOOL

in mixable separates



3. *The Sweaters:* Terrific team—all wool dolman-sleeved pullover, topped with vest. Pullover in grey, green, black, brown, wine, $5.98. Vest in wine, rust, gold, beige, grey, $3.98.
The Skirt: Turnabout skirt with kick pleat, big pockets. Wear pleat in front, pockets on hips, or vice versa. Wool zephyr doeskin flannel, $7.98.

4. *The Sweater:* Bright striped zephyr wool pullover—with vivid contrast edging the round neck, the fitted waistband, and the short sleeves, $4.98. Black and wine, brown and beige, grey and gold, green and rust, wine and grey.
The Skirt: Kick-pleated slimmer with two slash side pockets, gripper waistband. In wool zephyr doeskin flannel. $5.98.

ALL SWEATERS BY LITTLE MISS ENGLISH

3. 4.



"Sin sells tickets" was the producers' motto in the 1920's. They went overboard trying to eate an exotic world of illusion. This produc

Sin: hollywood's 15 year record

10 out of 15,000 actors in major scandals
2 murders
6 prostitution cases
60 times more crime in Kansas City
55 times more crime in Chicago
84 times more sex offenses in New York City

Nowadays it's more sinned against than sinni

■ Every Tuesday and Thursday for the past thirty ye Hollywood's motion picture stars have been accused of ev crime in the book—adultery, seduction, bigamy, dope-addict political subversiveness, and just plain immoral behavior. decades the feeling has persisted that movie stars are m sinful than any group anywhere.

The picture above, a still from a 1926 creation called *Sorrows of Satan,* is one of the reasons Hollywood has ear its disreputable name. Exotic, lascivious, conscienceless, movies and attitudes of yesterday have firmly left their influ in the mind of the 1950 public.

special report: MORALS IN HOLLYWO

are movie stars?



of *The Sorrows of Satan* with Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou displayed sex, depravity and opium in equal quantities.

but Hollywood has itself to blame for a reputation that the public refuses to forget.

by Lloyd Shearer

What the public fails to realize is that Hollywood has changed, and so have the people in it. (*The next six pages are devoted to an analysis of morals in Hollywood.*)

Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado let loose with one of the most recent blasts against the screen colony. Having been shockingly hurt by Ingrid Bergman's conduct, the senator announced that Hollywood was turning out Communist propaganda in return for free dope which Chinese Reds were supplying. He also urged that all screen stars be thoroughly investigated and licensed.

This prompted Georgie Jessel, the unofficial toastmaster-general of the motion picture industry, to utter these pithy words: "Here is a man who says that because a Swedish girl and an Italian man have fallen violently in love—Ethel Barrymore should stand in line to apply for a license to act."

In his forcible comment, Jessel pointed up the gross unfairness in seeking to punish all movie stars for the transgressions of a reckless few.

Probably the most honest evaluation of screen personalities ever made is contained in the dialogue of a forthcoming motion picture, *All About Eve*. Joseph Mankiewicz, an outstanding writer-director who wrote the play, has *(Continued on page 91)*

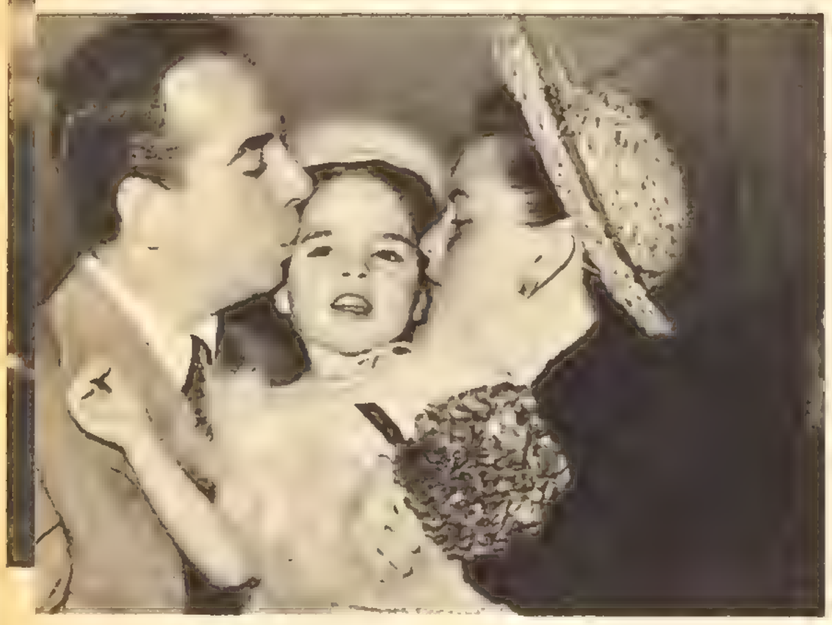
special report: **MORALS IN HOLLYWOOD**

This is about Judy—a
little girl whose ambition came
too soon, grew too fast, a
woman paying for too much fame . . .

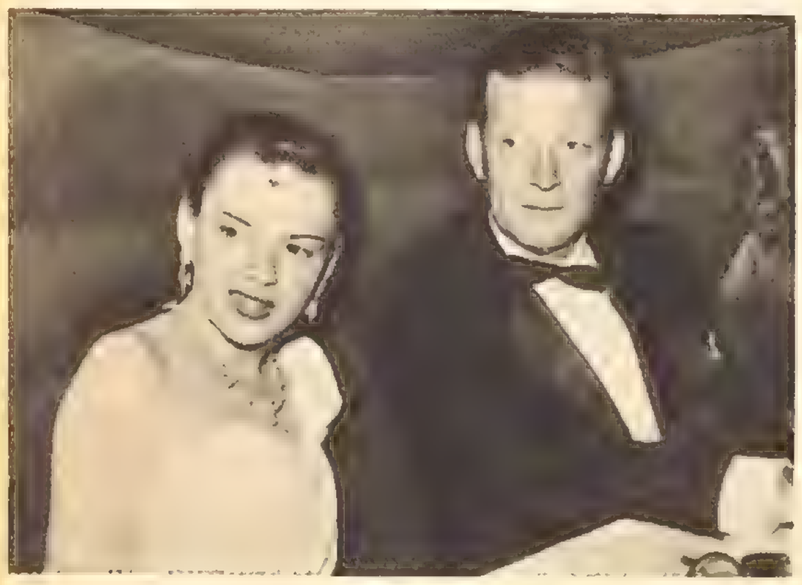
BY JIM BURTON



the brutal truth about judy garland



Judy married Vincente Minnelli (here with baby Liza) in 1945. There were many rumors of separation, but he remains loyal.



Carleton Alsop, Judy's agent, stuck by her side when she went to Brigham hospital after suffering a nervous collapse.

■ By this time everyone has read of the night in June when Judy Garland broke a glass tumbler and jabbed it into her throat. The action was met with many responses—shock, sympathy, horror, contempt. The sympathetic wondered how a 29-year-old woman who was acclaimed by many critics as perhaps the most talented actress in Hollywood could so hit the depth of tragedy. The contemptuous sneered, "it was just a put-up job for publicity's sake." An MGM official stated that Judy had "pretended suicide on at least ten other previous occasions." And her own doctor, Francis Ballard, called the incident an "impulsive act to attract attention."

Whatever the cause, whatever the intent of that act, it became obvious that Judy Garland is an extremely confused and troubled woman.

Only a year ago, Katharine Hepburn, her good friend, said, "Judy, if you don't quit this wild kick you're going to wind up a suicide."

What wild kick? Why suicide? What are the problems of Judy's life that make her unable to cope with the present and to face the future?

The cause goes back through many years and many stories. You can even say it started when she was three years old and was plunged into the erratic, exacting and public life of the vaudeville performer. But if you want to start a little later you can go back to the time when she was a plump teen-ager and it was said that she was madly in love with a producer, a married man. He regarded her as a sweet, precocious child and his attitude was distinctly paternal. Judy, however, was supposedly lost in passion, and she wore her heart on her Sloppy Joe sweater for all the world to smile at.

The world did smile, and the stories began and made the rounds. Each time a different producer's name was used, and each time the story got back to Judy. The first crush, the first heartbreak wasn't allowed to be forgotten. There are some who say that this unrequited love led to a sleeping pill-benzedrine cycle and marital and professional discord. There are others who deny this; these others say that the cause for Judy's (*Continued on page 70*)







the story robert mitchum never told

He never looked for breaks; he never got them. He grew up like a lot of other kids—with fate laughing at him. He grew up trying to escape a world he hadn't made . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN

■It happened in Chicago several months ago. Robert Mitchum ambled into a night club discreetly followed by his bodyguard, a bulk of muscle named Kemp Niver.

Patrons looked up, caught sight of Mitchum, and began whispering to their neighbors. An ominous air of expectancy filled the room.

Mitchum sat down at a table. He took in the room with a glance like a lasso. In a minute he knew why people were talking.

Less than five tables away from him sat Lila Leeds; she was dressed in a gown that fit like a sunburn. With her was her fiance, young Gus Arvey, son of the Chicago political boss, Jake Arvey.

Mitchum hadn't laid eyes on Lila for months, since that fateful day when they'd both been sentenced to serve ninety days in the Los Angeles County jail for possessing marijuana cigarettes.

The patrons tried not to stare. They just couldn't resist the temptation. What was going to happen? Would Bob go over to Lila's table? Would she come to his? Would they even acknowledge each other? Their eyes focussed first on Mitchum, then on Lila.

Suddenly, a thin, sallow-faced man with dull, flat eyes edged up to Mitchum's bodyguard. He spoke softly and with menacing deliberation.

"The boys and I," he said, "want a grand."

Mitchum's bodyguard played dumb. "A grand for what?" he asked. He moved away, and the racketeer followed.

When they reached the lobby, the sallow-faced man explained the setup. "A lot of the boys are in the joint tonight. Your boy's on pro (Mitchum was placed on probation for two years at the time of his sentence). He can't afford a scene. We start a fight, and he may wind up pulling a stretch at San Quentin. Let's have a grand, and everything is very peaceful."

Kemp Niver is a shrewd man. A former private detective, he knows how to handle himself in the clinches.

"Look," he said, "I don't carry that kind of dough on me. (*Continued on page 86*)



Most of Hollywood's stars deserve good conduct medals, but there are a few who'll never learn to behave. No one knows why—except maybe Hedda Hopper who gives them the once over—and not so lightly.

why they get in

by hedda hopper

■ Not too long ago, I collared a startled young man at Ciro's in Hollywood and gave him a piece of my mind. Married and a father, he was chasing around with Hollywood's glamor girls and making a fool of himself and I told him so. "If you know what's good for you, you'll go back to Nancy as fast as you can and beg her forgiveness," I told him. "Why, nobody's ever talked to me like that before," gasped Frank Sinatra. "You're right, Hedda. I'll call home right now." And he did.

Yet, just a few weeks ago, back from Spain, and this time in world headlines for that same kind of irresponsible philandering, Frankie called me up, as he always does when he's in some trouble or other.

"Why do people take cracks at me all the time?" he complained petulantly. "What have I done wrong anyway?"

"Come, come now, Frankie," I sighed. "Certainly you can't be that dumb!" Patiently I pointed out what should be obvious to a schoolboy: that when a married man with a family, celebrity or not, involves himself publicly in international scandal, gives his lady love kisses, and diamonds with money that should go to his wife and kids, he's asking for trouble in a very loud voice.

One day about four years ago, I put in a long distance call from Hollywood to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and asked for Bing Crosby who was there on a vacation without Dixie. "He won't answer his phone and the door's locked," I was told by the hotel publicity man.

"Go up to that door," I told him, "and knock as loud as you can and say that Hedda Hopper sent you. Tell Bing I say to get home fast to his wife or he won't have a home or a wife either."

Bing wrote a six page letter thanking me for that. And on his next trip, a few months later, he took Dixie along. I called

'rouble

m in New York, got Dixie on the wire. "Gosh," I told her,
n so glad to see you and Bing having fun together again!
l me all about it."

I'm leaving tomorrow," replied Dixie in a flat voice. "I
think I'm going to sit around this hotel and stare at four
ls, you're crazy. I've hardly seen Bing since we've been
e." Since then Bing had taken all his fun jaunts without
wife. And so when he flitted off to Europe a few months
without her, she got sick and tired of the neglect at last—
there was trouble, serious trouble, in the Crosby household
fter eighteen years of married life.

ran into another star another night—couple of years ago—
Romanoff's. Bob Mitchum's wife was back East with the
dren and Bob was on the loose, running around. That
it he was sitting there with a bunch of pals whooping it up.
alled him over. "If you've got *(Continued on page 95)*

goodbye mr. fancy



Bob Stack's starring role in *Torero* may be the turning point of his career. He practices for hours before a mirror with a toreador's cape.

WHEN Bob Stack first started working in motion pictures in 1939, he was a modest, handsome young man with a nice personality and a big, boyish grin. He was just 20 years old when he made *First Love* opposite Deanna Durbin, but already, the record of his other accomplishments read like a chapter out of the Sports Almanac. He wasn't offensive about it, but it was pretty obvious that all his life he'd had a burning desire to excel in everything he undertook.

At 12, with his brother Jim, he'd won the International Motor Championship at Venice, Italy. At 16, he was an All-American Skeet champion and a crack pistol shot. At 17, he played brilliant, hard-driving polo for the U.S.C. polo team, and gave up the sport only after breaking his mallet wrist for the third time. His house was overflowing with cups and trophies which he'd won in his speed-boat.

Bob tackled a movie career with the same sort of intensity. Immediately after *First Love* was released everyone in Hollywood took notice. "Who *is* this guy Stack?" they asked.

The people who answered that question were cynical sharpshooters who made a business of knocking everyone.

"Oh, he's a society boy," they said. "Son and heir of J. Langford Stack, the advertising man." Then they'd add knowingly, "You know the type, a rich man's son—shoots skeet all day long."

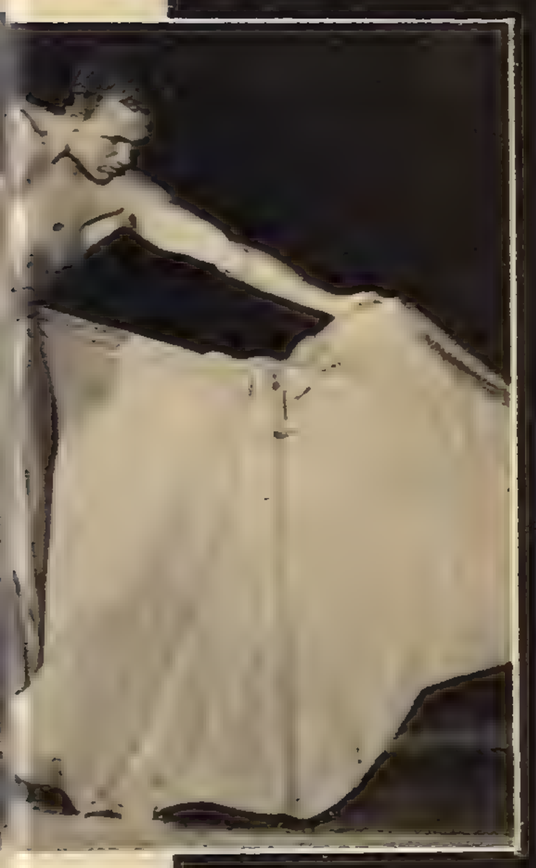
People naturally swallowed the idea that he was a playboy, in movies for the fun of it. One story even got around that he was in the business just to meet some pretty girls.

Even though he didn't flaunt his money, or leave it in nightclubs, even though he was pleasant and friendly with everyone he knew on the set, the playboy label stuck to him like rubber cement.

Of course, Bob's tremendous preoccupation with outdoor (*Continued on page 89*)

Society boy,
rich man's son—
that's how they
tagged Bob Stack.
The label stuck hard,
but Bob worked
it off, and he's
nobody's playboy now!

BY TOM CARLILE



Hollywood's way to immortality—footprints in cement at Grauman's Theater.



new faces



It's a hamster to Dennis—a mouse to Sally.



Mom lends a hand in the dressmaking division.



She likes to shop in Farmer's Market.

Sally Forrest chases her dream—a star on her dressing room door, her name in glittering lights.

■ Sally Forrest was once fired by MGM to save expenses. MGM didn't know it but that was like tearing up a certified check. Sally joined an independent company, and was a hit in *Not Wanted*. Right away MGM wanted her back. Sally didn't say, "I told you so." She smiled and sailed into *Mother of a Champion*. She lives with her folks, and a brother who enjoys scaring her with his pet hamster.



Nancy and the nylons—a girl's best friend.



She knits—while the toast burns.



Nancy's a rising young star.

A thousand nights in summer stock are finally paying dividends to ambitious Nancy Davis.

■ Nancy Davis was one of those kids who wouldn't walk unless it was on a stage. She went through Smith College with her mind on Broadway. Every summer she'd go into stock and sweep the theater. After a while she got lines. Winters she invaded producers' offices like a bill collector. The day came when an MGM scout came across. He took her to Hollywood, for *The Next Voice You Hear*.

Success turned their heads—
toward each other. And what they saw,
they liked. Now Betty and Larry
Parks are building their future together . . .

BY SANDRA SUE DRESKER

future perfect



Larry and Betty beam as Garry, born on Jan. 26, 1950, surveys himself calmly in the mirror.

■ This is a sort of love story and succe
story combined. If there were music
would be very nice, although it might ma
it corny when it isn't corny at all. This
the story of Betty Garrett and Larry Par
who came out of small towns in the midd
west about five years ago, with their hea
full of dreams and their pockets full
emptiness. In five years they filled tho
pockets. In five years they fell in love, g
married, had a son, saw their names spell
out in blazing lights.

It doesn't happen to many people th
way. The kids who come from Kans
usually go back to Kansas, or the ones w
hit the big-time let the big-time throw the
for a loss—they end up in divorce cour
they end up on the scandal sheets, they e
up with electric gates around their hous
and barbed wire fences around their hear

Not Betty. Not Larry. Their past w
taken care of, now they have their futu
planned. They're putting all their savin
into a picture called *The Stakeout,* in whi
they'll star together. Not many peo
think it's a good idea—look at the risk, th
say, look at all the offers they've turn
down—for what? Just so they can wo
together, because they like to work togeth

Not many people know that when Ju
Garland became ill, Betty was offered t
starring role in *Annie Get Your Gun.* S
would have hit the biggest jackpot ov
night, but she turned it down. They'd
fered her a lot of money, but attached
the check was a long-term contract.

"Not for me," she said. "I'll never s
Larry any more."

Both of them had to turn down so ma
offers to do pictures, plays, personal appe
ances and radio *(Continued on page 10*



BETTY GRABLE as she plays opposite DAN DAILEY in the 20th Century-Fox Production "MY BLUE HEAVEN" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

"I'm a Lux Girl" says BETTY GRABLE



BETTY GRABLE is more sparkling, more irresistible than ever in her latest singing and dancing role. You'll thrill to the beauty of her Lux Complexion in the close-ups.

"I've been a Lux Girl for years," says lovely Betty, "never skip my active-lather facials a single day."

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HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



"When a gorgeous star like Betty Grable gives a beauty tip I listen! And believe me, these facials really *work!* I smooth the *active* lather well in—



"I love the creamy lather Lux Soap gives—even in hardest water. So rich and abundant! I rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—



"Then I pat my face gently with a soft towel to dry. This quick easy care does wonders for the skin—gets me lots of *compliments*, too!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



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THE HECHT CO., Washington.

the private affairs of farley granger

(*Continued from page 31*) It took more than seven years. It took 25 years of dreams and restless yearnings. It took a boy like Farley Granger . . .

From the outside he doesn't look unusual—except that he's taller than most (6 feet 2) and handsomer than most. He has an intense way of looking at you when you talk, a way that makes it very easy for you to feel that you two were meant for each other. . . . But there is something very unusual about Farley Granger. It's the way he set himself a goal when he was just a high school kid, and the way he stuck to that goal. He wanted to be an actor, and nothing else would satisfy him or take its place.

When you start getting romantic about him, when you start pairing him off with Shelley Winters, or Joan Evans or anyone else you have to contend first with this—his wild and soaring imagination, his overwhelming ambition that's always far ahead of him, an ambition that only a very rare woman can run fast enough to beat.

His mother had joked about him before he was born. She was thirty when he came along, after thirteen years of marriage and no babies. The girls kidded her about it on the golf course where she was a near champ.

"An athlete like you," they teased. "And at your age. Well—too bad—you'll never break eighty now!"

"That's all right," she grinned. "You can have your golf. I'll have a genius."

Maybe he didn't turn out to be a genius. Maybe he turned out to be just a lively kid with black ringlets and doe eyes. But before long he began to feel that everything in the world had to be touched and known and possessed by him.

He attended a private school and when he was six he was in a Christmas play. He had only a couple of lines to say, but he knew everybody else's part, and he substituted for two boys who got sick.

"He's an amazing little actor," his teacher said.

Actor? His mother suddenly remembered that she'd always longed to act when she was a girl, and she wondered if it were possible that in San Jose where they lived, where acting was hardly ever mentioned, her son could pick up a dream that had been buried, and shape it to himself. . . .

His mother helped him. She let him swipe her old velvet dresses and make costumes for the puppets he kept in the garage. She helped him even more. As the years went on, she let him go his own way. She let him take his disappointments on the chin without rushing for band-aid. When he was old enough to want to live alone, she picked out an apartment.

Girls always liked him. But when he was in his teens it was the older women he admired—from a distance. A bunch of guys from high school used to load into an old jalopy on Saturdays and breeze off, puffing forbidden cigars, on their way to Main Street in Los Angeles. They'd take in the popular burlesque beauties at the Follies Theater. They'd whistle and clap, and it was plain to see that they were men of the world. Unless someone from home happened to spy them. . . .

Young girls had a funny effect on him. They paralyzed him. He worshipped one little blonde in junior high who caused him particular anguish. She was pretty, shy and sweet. When he gathered up enough nerve—and cash—he took her to the movies, but he was always afraid to hold her hand. The minute this shy flower got to high school and met older boys she went wild. "Turned into the jazziest babe in school," Farley recalls. "It was a terrific shock to me."

When he was in *North Star* he met Jane Withers. He was 18 and she was his ideal. They went dancing at the Palladium; they went crazy together over the big name bands. But everytime they got to talking, it was about acting only.

He met June Haver next, while working in *The Purple Heart*. They used to go to her house and raid the ice-box. Then the war came along, and when he was stationed in Honolulu he sent her a hula skirt. Once, he wrote, "Get out the highest platform shoes you own because we're going dancing as soon as I get home." They went dancing, but that was all. . . .

Cathy O'Donnell was his co-star in *They Live By Night*, and they looked so good together on the screen, people thought they should be together off screen, too, but Farley and Cathy didn't think so.

Besides, important things happened to Farley after *They Live By Night*. The movie won artistic raves wherever it played. The Encyclopedia Britannica Yearbook named him the most promising new star of 1949, along with Montgomery Clift. Alfred Hitchcock wanted him for *Rope*. Since then Farley hasn't had much time on his hands.

Anyway, he took his first trip to New York. He'd never been east of Palm Springs before. The first week he was too excited to sleep. He walked all over Manhattan, stood in Times Square and let the crowds swirl around him. He took in every tourist trip, ferried around the Island, saw the Statue of Liberty, Radio City. He stepped from matinees to buy his evening performance ticket, and all alone, he saw every play on and off Broadway. He discovered the Museum of Modern Art, the opera, the ballet, Carnegie Hall, Greenwich Village and Greenwich, Connecticut. He stayed two months, and it affected him profoundly. He brought home a new idea of the world he lived in.

Then he was back East again to make *Side Street*, exploring the rest of the city he hadn't had time to see. After that, he flew to Mexico City, Taxco, Cuernavaca, Acapulco for as long as he could stay before *Our Very Own*.

In *Our Very Own*, there was Joan Evans. And Farley treated her like a younger sister. When they went out together he took over—the time, the place, the evening. When *Our Very Own* was finished he sent her the largest bouquet of all. Once, after another movie they did together, the director threw a party at a restaurant across the street from the studio, and everyone rushed over—except Joan. She waited on the set for Farley, and they went together. And for people who like to speculate about romance, there are these two who aren't saying anything—or who may not have anything to say, because after *Edge of Doom*, Farley rushed to New York again to see his city friends—Betty Comden, George Coulouris, Judy Holliday, Leonard Bernstein, Adolph Green. He wanted to go on to Europe but he didn't have time.

Today Farley has well-worn symphony records on the crowded shelves which stretch around the room of his smart, modern Hollywood apartment. He has reproductions on his walls of his favorite Manhattan views, an original by Diego Rivera of a Taxco boy's head, mobile sculpture from the Museum of Modern

Art. He has well-thumbed collections of art books and classic literature. And he has Shelley Winters for his girl.

They met at a party. Shelley was being the life of it, and Farley was sitting in a corner. "He looked just the way I felt," she said later. "He looked very shy and very scared."

On one of their first dates they went to The Players, and Shelley, who knew all the waiters, took things into her own hands and ordered the meal. Farley relaxed. He always relaxes with her.

"She's wonderful for me," he admits. "She wakes me up and makes me laugh. She's an extrovert—I'm not. We're interested in exactly the same things—music, art and acting. We both love acting. Shelley's a very bright girl and fascinating. We can talk for hours on end."

He likes to talk—although not in crowds. Once, Shelley was attending a party and left word at home for Farley to call her there. The hostess answered the phone and invited him over. He declined, and asked her to tell Shelley that he'd come by for her.

"Fine," said the hostess. "Then you can drop in for a minute."

"Well, no," said Farley. "I'll just stop out front and honk the horn."

He stopped out front, and honked, but Shelley didn't want to leave the party, so Farley just drove home and read a book and went to bed.

When he's in the mood, though, Shelley spins him around Hollywood on gay evenings, and fun with his friends, most of them older than Farley—like Gene and Betsy Kelly. "They can teach me things I don't know," he explains.

So with Shelley he learns about the world, and now he's looking for a house. "But not because I'm getting married, at least, not for a while," he hurries to explain. "I'm not ready to settle down, not nearly. I haven't been a bachelor long enough. I've got so many things to see and places to go. I've got to travel. I want to make a picture and then get out of town. Not because I don't like Hollywood, but—well—I didn't go to college and the world's got to be my college. I've got to find out everything there is to know that I've missed. And I can't get it second-hand."

The ladies may have to wait, because there is this feeling in him which can't be denied—the same feeling which made him a star, and which makes the ladies pine. . . .

THE END

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the brutal truth about judy

(*Continued from page 57*) highly nervous state was a certain Hollywood personality (not her husband) who browbeat her professionally.

But whatever the truth may have been the stories never let up in their ferocity.

Recently a rumor was circulated that Judy is still carrying a torch for her first husband, the composer David Rose.

One of Judy's friends even went so far as to say, "I think that secretly Judy would still like to be married to David . . . Her memories of him, after she got her divorce grew warmer and richer as time went on, and, eventually, she remembered only the good things about their life together. She began to want him back, but it was too late, the divorce had been secured, and she was going with Vincente.

"She'd tried to fall in love with care, slowly and gently, but she has an ardent nature, and so has Minnelli; and they got married very quickly. I think it was a week after Judy's divorce from Dave became final. They hardly had time to know each other well."

JUDY still talks of her first husband with affection, but it's hard to believe that she's still in love with him. David's been married three times. He's nervous, taut, and temperamental. So is Judy, and that's why they couldn't get along.

But, as so many divorcees do, Judy chose a second husband who was very much like her first.

Ben Vincente Minnelli is basically an artist, with the volatile temperament of a perfectionist. Judy fell in love with him on the set of *Meet Me in St. Louis*. It was he who helped her make the difficult transition from child to adult roles.

It is difficult now to tell whether Judy was attracted by the man or the director. She and Minnelli were constantly together on the set. He was instructing her and she was taken by his knowledge, his understanding, his gentleness. One night when she was out with her sisters, she tried to explain him, but all she could do was squeal ecstatically. "Vincente is just wonderful. He understands everything I do and just how I should do it."

The sisters wanted to know more. Where did he come from? Was he kind? Did the two of them have much in common?

Judy told them all she knew. He was older, maybe ten years older than she, but he knew the sort of life she had lived, because he'd been through it himself. His folks like hers, had been show people. As a boy, Vincente had toured with a tent show. Later, he became art director for the Radio City Music Hall in New York. After that, he came to Hollywood.

Judy's sisters were impressed. "I've never seen her any happier," one of them recalled, "than on the night she was telling us about Vincente. The Sunday after that, she was married at mother's house."

Nine months later, Judy gave birth to her daughter, Liza, an appealing baby with her dad's high forehead and her mother's facial contour.

It was after the arrival of the child that Judy's mental, physical, and marital troubles became apparent.

AT first, the doctors thought it was a normal but delayed reaction to childbirth. Judy began to lose weight, body tone, her natural exuberance. Her eyes, once bright, became dull and sad. Her voice, extremely powerful, took on a trembling quality. And, she began to worry about everything, the baby, Vincente, her house, her career. One day she went over to see her sister Jimmie.

"I'm petrified," she told Jimmie, seriously.

"About what?"

"About Fred Astaire. I'm working with him in *Easter Parade.*"

"That's nothing to be scared about," Jimmie said.

"Yes, it is," Judy answered. "He's a perfectionist. He really is. They tell me that if you sit down for a few minutes he hates you, that he picks you up and makes you keep dancing."

Judy was genuinely worried. She needn't have been. Astaire is one of the most considerate actors in the motion picture business. During the making of *Easter Parade* he showed Judy every possible courtesy, let her take all the rest she wanted, and told newspapermen that she was the equal of any dancing partner he had ever had.

During the making of the film, however, Judy continued to worry. She couldn't sleep at nights. Her husband became distraught. This, in turn, made her more anxious, more fretful, more sleepless. She began to think that she couldn't please Astaire, she couldn't please Vincente, she couldn't please herself.

At this point, a Hollywood scandal sheet began running a series of sensation columns on Judy and seconal pills, the implication being that Judy was addicted to them. This was sheer nonsense. The only thing Judy's ever been addicted to has been her career.

When the stories broke about Judy and her sleeping pills, she was enraged. "I can't understand it," she stormed. "I've never even seen the man who's been writing that stuff. I've never seen him in my whole life. My health is fine. Really it is. You just call my doctor, and ask him what sort of condition I'm in."

The doctor was circumspect and smooth. "Miss Garland is in fine health," he said. "In fact, she weighs more than she has in years. True, she's been nervous. True, she's taken a sleeping pill or two. But her physical condition is excellent."

A few weeks later, just after her studio publicity department had told reporters that Judy was in the pink of condition, the announcement was made that Ginger Rogers would replace her in *The Barkleys of Broadway,* and Walter Winchell broadcast that Judy was en route to a sanitarium in Boston.

Judy's explanation was, "I stayed out of *The Barkleys of Broadway* at the request of L. B. Mayer. Mr. Mayer knows I've done three tough musicals in a row, and he suggested that I take a vacation."

At MGM it's been Mayer's policy to treat stars with kid gloves. At a time when the publicity boys were vociferously denying Judy's ill health, Mayer was talking to Judy in his office. He recognized at once that she wasn't a well girl, but he didn't bawl her out. He is too much of a gentleman for that. He's always regarded Judy as he would his own niece, and he's bent over backwards to give her every break. Mayer had told her to take a rest, not to worry, that she had earned his respect and support, that he was interested only in her health, that as soon as she recovered, she would be starred again.

Judy was thrilled. She was going to rid herself of all those unnecessary fears. To her, such medications as dexedrine and seconal would be academic items.

Judy took a vacation. In a few months she came back to Hollywood and heatedly denied that she and her husband were separating. One week before she started working on *Annie Get Your Gun,* though, she changed her mind, "I'm sorry to say it, but Vincente and I have come to the realization that we're happier apart. We've separated. We both tried very hard to conquer the difficulties of incompatibility. But it just didn't work out." Judy moved out of Vincente's house and rented a place of her own in Beverly Hills.

She then began work on *Annie Get Your Gun,* a film she wanted to make more than any other. During the making of this picture, she went completely to pieces. She took a stimulant or two. It buoyed her up. At the same time, it made sleep difficult. She took a sedative or two for relaxation. The medications acted against each other. She began to lose more weight.

At the studio, she snubbed people, people she had known all her life. She was late for fittings, late for rehearsals, she kept entire crews waiting. Arthur Freed, her producer who's loved her as a daughter for more than a dozen years, was kind, and tolerant.

But Judy didn't improve. She got steadily worse. When they took her off the picture, she was on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown, and she weighed less than ninety pounds.

Once again, L. B. Mayer came to her aid. It was he who insisted that the studio pay all of Judy's expenses to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. He was interested solely in Judy's health. He said nothing about the fact that her illness would cost MGM thousands of dollars, that everything would have to be scrapped, and a successor found for Judy's part. (The successor as you all know was Betty Hutton.) According to the records, Judy weighed 88 pounds when she arrived at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital for a complete checkup. Dr. Augustus Rose who took care of Judy, will of course, reveal nothing of her illness or treatment.

She was checked into the hospital and after a few days of preliminary tests, permitted to come and go as she pleased between the hospital and the Hotel Ritz Carlton.

Carleton Alsop, her agent and an old friend, used to call for her each afternoon and take her to the ball game or to Lexington to see the Revolutionary War memorials or down to the Cape. He made certain that she was in bed, back at the hospital, by eleven.

Gradually, Judy began to add weight. As a youngster, she was always on the plumpish side, and once again she reverted to type. She began to fill out. In two months, she was back to 109 pounds and in fine spirits.

"I want to get back to work," she told her doctors.

The doctors advised her not to make a picture for fifteen months. But Judy wouldn't listen. She was sure that her mental and physical health was superb.

Back she came to Hollywood. She and Vincente effected a reconciliation. They gave up their old house and rented a new one on Sunset Boulevard. She shouldn't have, but Judy insisted upon playing the lead in *Summer Stock* opposite Gene Kelly. She wanted to show everyone that she was the Judy Garland of old, the same bouncing, bubbling, effervescent kid from Minnesota.

When she reported to the studio for work, she proved herself to be a game trouper. The prop men and electricians, the gaffers and girls up at wardrobe said they'd never seen her in better shape.

For a month of actual shooting, Judy was great, and then suddenly that former neurosis of hers began to plague her. A director would ask her to go through a scene, and she would begin to cry. Black circles started to appear beneath her eyes. She became sick again, and *Summer Stock* became a nightmare.

During the last week of shooting, she was beside herself with worry. She knew she was cracking and at the same time,



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she tried to control herself. "Cripes," she said to her director, "let's make this one a take before they come and throw the net over me." She was joking, of course, but she felt her strength ebbing.

She finished *Summer Stock* and suffered a relapse. But then she took a new hold on herself.

When Judy found out that June Allyson was pregnant and couldn't play opposite Fred Astaire in *Royal Wedding*, she asked to be given the part. "I'm in wonderful shape," she told her bosses, "and I want you to let me prove it."

Arthur Freed, who's produced so many of Judy's musicals in the past, was only too happy to give her the chance.

A FEW weeks before the movie was to start, Judy and her husband's physician, Dr. Ballard, drove up to Monterey so that Judy could accumulate energy.

When she came back it seemed that everything would be fine. Judy went through rehearsals gaily. It's said that whenever she met anyone on the lot or in the commissary she'd shout. "I'm back at work . . . I'm back at work!"

Then a song rehearsal was called for 10 o'clock Saturday morning. The rehearsal was to last an hour. Judy didn't show up. She was promptly suspended; her $5,500 a week salary was cancelled.

Judy was hurt beyond belief. That weekend she brooded over the incident until she reached the bleakest depression. On Monday night, her agent, Alsop came over, and with him and her husband Judy discussed her career. Suddenly, Judy got up and dashed out of the room. She went into the bathroom and stood before the mirror and only she knows the tortured thoughts that raced through her mind—the thought that perhaps her career was finished, that she was a failure.

Sensing danger, Minnelli left the living room and called Judy. She didn't answer. He called again; he knocked on the bathroom door, he pleaded with Judy to open it. She unlocked the door and it opened slightly. Minnelli rushed in and found Judy bleeding from the throat. He picked her up, carried her to the bedroom and called the doctor.

Dr. Ballard announced that the wound was superficial and declared it the result of melancholy and mild hysteria.

Now that the incident is over, judgments are being made. They say that Judy should never have attempted to work; they say that the studio was too harsh.

MGM defended itself by issuing a 600-word statement. "We did everything we could to make her comfortable and keep her happy," the statement said in part. It is estimated that the studio has spent more than $100,000 on doctors, hospitals and various types of treatment to improve Judy's health.

"Several times, against our better judgment, at her insistence, we have started films with her, and her consequent illness has caused us embarrassment, delay, inconvenience and loss of morale to co-workers. . . ." The statement also emphasized that her suspension from *Royal Wedding* was "not a hasty move, prompted by pique or irritation," but was "arrived at with greatest regret."

Few outsiders are qualified to draw conclusions about the affair, or to predict Judy's future. While she made movies for MGM, her movies always made money, and she was one of their most valuable properties.

Only time will tell whether she will work for them or for anyone else again. Meanwhile, a great talent is being submerged in a sea of illness and despair.

THE END

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well, what do you know?

■ Study this photograph carefully—and see how many questions you can answer about the movie it's from. It was very popular just after the outbreak of World War II. You'll find the answers on page 93: see if you can get at least four out of five correct.

1. *The title of the movie is*.....
2. *The actor receiving the French decoration is*.....

3. *He played the role of* *in the film.*
4. *Why is he being decorated?*
5. *He also received an Academy Award for his performance in 19..*

remember when

(Continued from page 39) sitting in the eater after our meeting, I knew him also a man. And how much bigger he oked to me now, how much more stature had! Why? I puzzled about it . . . d then it came to me.

The amount of *man* in a man is the most portant thing about him. The star who dn't bothered to answer me was simply dazzled by himself. A little fame, a tle money, had done the trick. To be bedazzled is nothing more than kidding urself. There is no sillier looking, no ore foolish human than one who is ilty of this, and the whole world even a child instinctively knows it and nows that such pomposity is absurd. Mr. ull was somebody *before* as well as *after* me. To me, to all who know him, he ill always be somebody. He looked big ecause he *was* big.

DON'T often give myself a headache trying to puzzle things out—not often ough, anyway. But I have never forgot- n this little analysis of human values. ow and then it gets me in a sort of a mess. ut I can't get it out of my mind and I do y to live by it.

I wonder if I am making myself clear. am not only the man I am today, but I n also the fellow I was yesterday. I am t only Glenn Ford of Hollywood but also wylln Ford who barely used to earn ffee and cake in shows that flopped om San Francisco to New York and many town in between. When I sit down to ast beef these nights I can't forget the llow who spent his last 15 cents on pump- n pie à la mode in a New York automat Christmas Eve 1938 . . . then walked ty blocks south to Greenwich Village here some friends had kindly provided a ee bed. When I see somebody getting cked around today it's as if the fellow used to be is getting kicked, too.

Not long ago there was a story about me a fan magazine that began something ke this: "What's happened to Glenn Ford? e got into a row with one of the police- en over at MGM studios. Is he get- ng too big for his boots? Et cetera and cetera . . ."

Well, it was the same old thing again. did get into a row with the policeman. ut the motivation behind my actions was mething no one bothered to ask about.

I was stopped at the gate because I dn't have a pass. I asked if I could one my producer for an okay. I knew e gate policeman hadn't recognized me t in such a position you don't always el like identifying yourself. You can agine saying, "I'm Glenn Ford. I'm arring in the picture on stage six," and u can hear the gateman replying, "Yeah? what? You still need a pass!" See hat I mean?

Up to that moment everything was rmal. We were just talking and I wasn't tting anywhere in particular, at least t getting inside that gate, when another udio policeman walked up who did recog- ze me. He told his fellow officer who epped aside and waved me inside. And en it happened. As I walked by this ap who hadn't known me he said, "I'm rry, Mr. Ford. I thought you were just e of the extras."

THAT did it. I stopped short. What a thing to say! What a slur on a group people without whom there couldn't en be a picture industry! Or, aside om that, what a condemnation about ybody, to refer to them as "just a some- dy or other!" Well, no use going into tails about the fracas. I set forth my ideas on the subject, probably in not too polite language, and it was quite a mess. But, as I say, I get into these things regularly. I just feel that first and foremost a man is a man, a person is a person. On that basis he or she must be primarily recognized and respected. Whether he's a star, an extra, or has three-and-a-half eyes, is a secondary consideration and only a technical one.

Yes, it gets me into messes. It even happened to me in the Marines. During my twelve weeks of "boot" training as a private, a very unpleasant and arduous little period in which you mostly wish you were already dead instead of having to die muscle by muscle, I was awakened one night in the barracks by a lieutenant. He called me outside to talk.

"We just heard who you were," he began. "We want to invite you to make full use of the officers' quarters for anything you like."

"I don't understand," I said. "I'm just a private and . . ."

"Yes, I know," he cut in. "But you're also Glenn Ford. We, the other officers and myself, thought it must be tough for you, living in a Quonset hut, isolated, and all that. Come on up anytime you feel like it."

I was a little staggered but I nodded. "I'll be glad to . . ." I began, "provided I can bring the other fellows of the platoon with me."

He was shocked. "That's impossible!" he retorted. "They're just enlisted men."

I nodded. "Me too," I said. "Just that. Nothing more."

He studied me a moment and then, asking me to forget all about the invitation, walked away. As I turned to go back inside I realized there were three chocolate bars in my hand and that he had given them to me when I first came out. For a second I had an impulse to chase after him but I changed my mind. I stuffed them into my mouth one by one. Eating them served a good purpose, kept me from feeling too noble about what had just happened.

You know, I don't want to sound overly modest. Nobody in Hollywood (no producer or studio head anyway) has ever heard me complain that my salary was too big. But there are times when I do feel I am overpaid, uncomfortably so, and this is whenever special privileges fall my way because I am a star.

For instance something else happened when I was a marine. I hit San Diego with a 48-hour pass one weekend and decided I would start out by getting a good meal. I went to a top hotel in Coronado where most of the navy and marine officers live with their families when ashore. I sat down in the main dining room, just a hungry GI, and for two hours not a waiter came near me. Then one of them felt sorry for me and stopped for just a few seconds.

"I wouldn't wait any longer, leatherneck," he said. "We don't serve enlisted men here."

"Why not?" I asked. "I've got the money. I can pay."

He shrugged. "Do yourself a favor and check out," he said.

I did . . . sore, disappointed and awfully hungry. A few years later I was out of the marines and back in Hollywood. The California première of *Gallant Journey* was held in San Diego and I went down to make a personal appearance. When I got to my room in the hotel there was a big bottle of champagne sitting in a basket of fruit. Attached to it was a note from the manager of that hotel in Coronado stating that he would be proud to have me as his guest for dinner anytime. I

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couldn't help snorting bitterly. Two year before I could have used that meal. Now Well, you won't blame me if I say I didn go. If I had I would have felt like traitor to that marine I used to be.

LITTLE things made me very happy whe I had nothing—happier, perhaps, tha seemingly important things today. As lon as I live I will never forget two lines o type which ended a long San Francisc newspaper review of the play, *The Chil dren's Hour,* in which I made a fleetin appearance as the grocery boy in the thir act. These two lines were written b Claude La Belle, a noted theater critic They read as follows:

"A bit by Gwylln Ford in the third ac was a knockout."

Oh, man, I needed that! Because thos days, and especially before I was twenty

Where Have I Heard That Line Before

(or—lines of dialogue you'll never forget—because the script writers won't let you.)

"But mummy, if daddy loves you, why does he make you cry?"

"Wal, stranger, I ain't a-lookin' fur trouble, but ef trouble comes a-lookin' fur me, wal, I guess I won't be too hard to find."

"What are you trying to do—break up the act?"

"That's why I went away—to see how much you cared."

"Why are you, a stranger, doing this for me?"

"What do you care for your wife, eh? Fifi she love you, too. Come, geev Fifi beeg kiss."

"This is madness—you never should have come here."

"Say, Chuck, there's a little girl in the chorus that can play that part!"

"Me Tarzan; you Jane."

"Stop Marion, you don't realize what you're saying."

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

I was as gawky and shy a kid as anyon ever saw. At the studios in Hollywoo the kindest thing ever said to me b casting directors was, "You're certainl no pretty boy, are you?"

I must have looked far from good be cause when Tom Moore (the famous silen picture star and then talent scout at Fox tried to get me a job he almost lost hi own.

"But the kid can act," protested Tom.

"He's horrible," came the flat verdic "We want leading men. Good looking lead ing men."

It seemed impossible that I would eve make good. What happened? Was i sheer artistry? No. It was the same i my case as I think in the successes o others. I worked hard, I never quit tryin but that would never have put me over i I hadn't had luck.

Not long ago, after I completed *Th White Tower,* I was asked to make a tal before stageminded students in Sant Monica where I grew up. I didn't want t do it because I know I am no fountain o wisdom. Yet I couldn't refuse the invita tion of old friends, some of them the sam teachers who had taught me as a kid.

I didn't go into the technique of acting much. I talked about the students' decision to become actors. I suggested that they think it over. I suggested that they go home, go into a dark room where nothing could distract them, and *think* it all the way through. If they decided that there was any other vocation in life that they might like . . . nursing, law, business, anything, I told them to forget the stage at once. But if they were convinced that it *must* be acting, acting or nothing, then to plunge in for all they were worth, stay with it, and not let anything or anyone dissuade them.

My idea in trying to frighten them off, if that's what you want to call it, is that I think breaking into pictures or top stage work is ninety percent luck and only ten percent ability. After you are in, you had best develop the ability part of it to reverse this percentage somewhat. You still will need luck to stay on top but you do get a chance to demonstrate ability if you can work some up.

THAT'S what I'm busy at now. But in any case I never can forget the part luck played in my life. Every time I get close to posing as a genius, the old Ford starts jeering at me.

"Remember when you belonged to seven little theater movements at one time and the closest you could get to the stage was helping to build the sets? Remember when you sat outside a manager's office for five months and finally got an $8 a week walk-on? Remember when he would address you as 'The great Welsh actor from Santa Monica' and everyone would laugh? Remember when you would thumb a ride over to the studios in the valley, say at least fifty times, and nobody would even look at you? Remember when you stood close to a leaky steam pipe connection in New York on a cold winter night and opened up your thin topcoat so the warm air would float up around your body? Remember when. . . .?"

"Yes, I remember," I have to reply to myself. And I do.

Now let's go back for a moment to the star who was too busy to remember what he had been. I mean the star who was so important to bother about sending me an autographed picture. He doesn't know (he's not a star now, by the way), but I automatically found myself comparing him to many big men since that day and he always came out looking very small and unimportant.

There was the time I couldn't help comparing him with a certain man whose birthday I attended in Washington some years later because it was a national fund-raising event. By this time I was in pictures myself and part of a group of Hollywood stars who attended.

"I'm very happy you were able to come, Mr. Ford," he told me. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

I'm still a fan at heart so I couldn't help saying, "Nothing special, sir, but, perhaps, if you would autograph one of your pictures for me . . ."

"You shall have it," he assured me.

A week later when I was back in Hollywood and quite convinced that this gentleman, who was *really* a busy man, would never get around to sending the photograph, it came. Across it was written, "To Glenn Ford—with my very best wishes, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

I know now that the really big man is the really human man. That's why some of the biggest men I know today are not stars, but extras. And some of the smallest men I know are not just extras—but stars—in wisdom and quality.

That's my guide and philosophy.

THE END

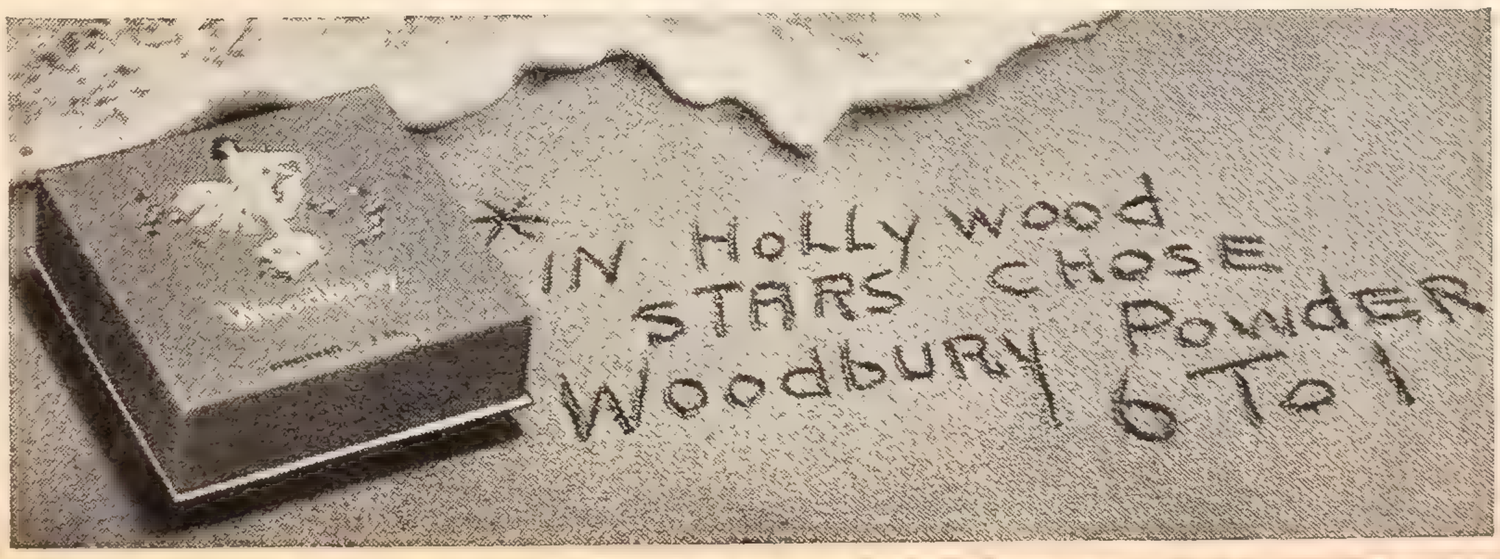


You're at Malibu Beach, near Hollywood, when your eyes stumble on a beauty to rival Esther Williams! It *is* Esther Williams with Ben Gage! Lucky her head is turned. You can see she's as beautiful as Technicolor insists. Psst, Esther knows you're staring! Her complexion is glowingly groomed with Coquette, exciting new golden rachel shade of satiny Woodbury Powder.

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Call it the wrong side
of the tracks, if you like—
but I know better.
A guy can grow up in my
town and bring it honor . . .
and make it proud.

My Home Town

by Mario Lanza



Mario is "horsey" to baby daughter Colleen, while his wife Betty, and Grandma give her pointers.



In the June issue of MODERN SCREEN *there was a story about Mario Lanza which seemed to antagonize many citizens of Philadelphia. Disturbed by their reaction, Mr. Lanza asked permission to write his own version of his life and times in that city. We are pleased to present it here.—The Editors*

■ I shouldn't be writing this at all. I'm a singer, an actor maybe, and putting a lot of words together on paper in a manner to make sense and express adequately what I have to say is hard for me. But, because of a situation brought about a few months ago in MODERN SCREEN when a story about me set many of the people of Philadelphia against me, I've got to try to write this. Actually, time heals the gravest wounds; and what was written a few months ago is probably forgotten. But it hasn't been forgotten by me because Philadelphia is my home town.

Home town. It has a great sound, doesn't it? You can lose a good friend, get fired from a good job, have your favorite girl chase you off her porch swing for keeps, but you can't lose your home town. It's like a birthmark, or a cowlick or six toes on each foot if you've got them—your home town stays with you as long as you're alive, and when you're dead, they mention it in your obituary. That's why you can't take any chances with alienating it from you. You belong to it, and if it ever abandons you, you're doomed to be a very lonely man for the rest of your life.

My neighborhood was South Philadelphia, a district sometimes referred to as the other side of the tracks. It's not quite that, however. It's not the Main Line. There are a lot of poor people there, minorities, working men, tired housewives and kids, lots of kids; but no matter where you figure the tracks, South Philadelphia is really on the right side.

No neighborhood in the United States is like South Philadelphia. Does that sound like maudlin pride?

Maybe it is. Maybe it's in the remembering. But South Philadelphia is the sort of

merican neighborhood that the authors rite about when they say the big cities of his country are melting pots where the eople of the world come to live and be- ome Americans. It's the kind of neigh- orhood the song writers write about when ey get sentimental or patriotic. You can ve a life in that neighborhood, start as oor as a man can be and become great nd famous and live in the finest house. And ou never have to leave South Phila- elphia for a minute.

BARNEY SAMUEL did it. He wants to be called Barney, the same as they used o call him when he went to school in that eighborhood. The president of the United tates and some of the biggest people in he country call him the Honorable Bernard amuel, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, ut to South Philadelphia, he's Barney. He ever moved away, never for a day, and e's all a man could wish to be in the way f success and fame.

When the circus comes to Philadelphia, citizen of the city rounds up a couple f thousand orphans and treats them to he best seats—and all the peanuts and pop ey can consume. His name is Frank alumbo, born, raised and became rich nd famous in South Philadelphia. He ill lives there. When an important per- on visits Philadelphia and ought to have parade, Palumbo arranges it and prob- bly pays for it. When the zoo needs an nimal it can't afford, Palumbo buys it nd gives it to the town.

There's Earl Denny. If you're not from hiladelphia you may never have heard bout Earl Denny. He used to live near e on Mercy Street. My mother and ther, like most of the Italian-American eople in Mercy Street, opened the door ith a key when they moved into the ouse and then threw the key away. here was no further use for it, because was an open house from that minute on- ard. Earl Denny used to drop around t all hours of the day and night, when- ver he felt like talking. We used to unge around the kitchen or living room nd talk about music. Any sort of success emed a long way off, and real recogni- on seemed unobtainable and as far away s the moon.

Earl liked to talk about his orchestra, aybe like Paul Whiteman, maybe like ne of the Dorseys, but anyway, he was oing to have a fine band and all of South hiladelphia was going to dance to his usic. Well, Earl is now the most popular ociety band leader in town. He makes a t of money—and he didn't have to leave hiladelphia to do it.

BUT if you do leave your town something can happen at almost any hour of the ay to put you back in that neighbor- ood. Like what happened to me when I ent back to Philadelphia not too long ago r the première of my first movie, *That idnight Kiss.*

I had left Philadelphia a nothing, off to y my luck at singing, and nobody but y family saw me go. But here I was back gain a few years later riding in a parade own the main street with Kathryn Gray- on and Johnny Johnston. I was sitting up n top of the seat of a convertible and ead of my car a half dozen motorcycle olicemen cleared the way and kept cross reet traffic from halting our progress. My ame was a foot high on a banner tied to e car. Suddenly a coal truck drove into e street directly in front of the car and vo of the grimiest guys I've ever seen aped out of the front seat.

"Freddie!" they howled and we fell upon ne another in the street, pounding backs nd laughing while the parade came to a andstill. They were two fellows I went

ONLY

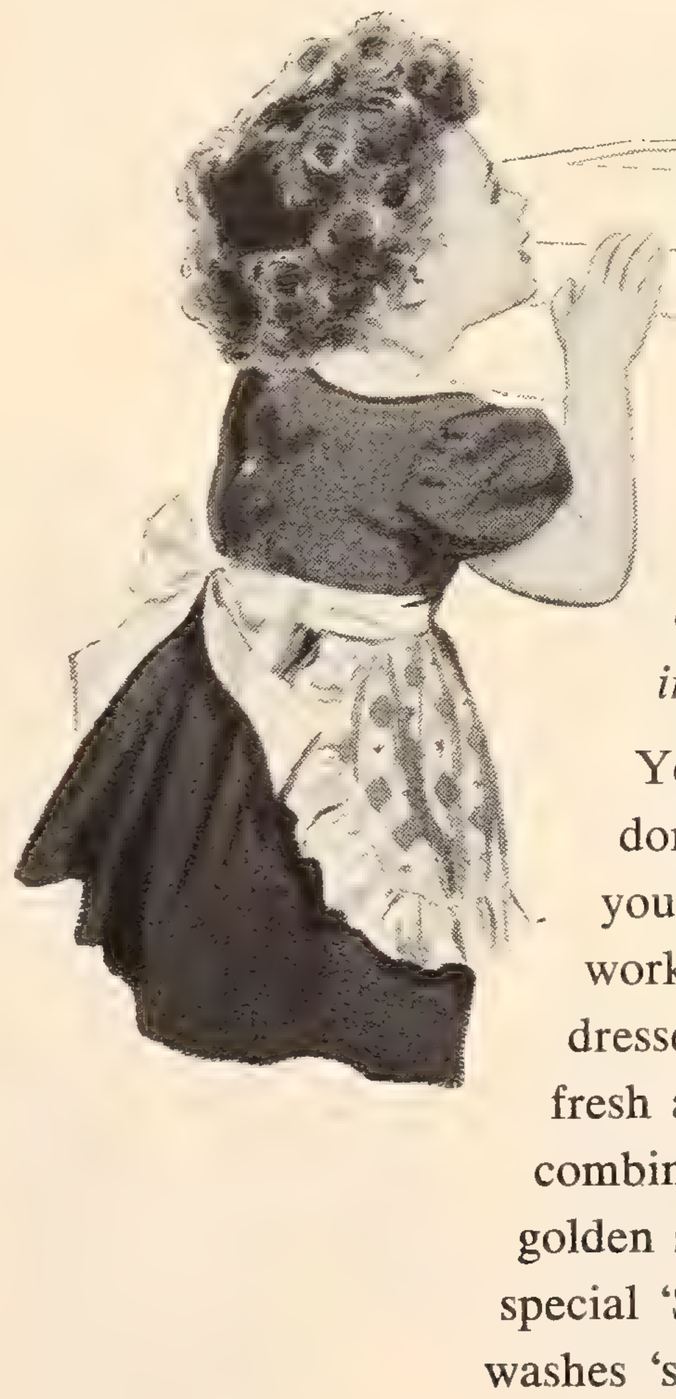
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to school with who had gone into the coal business and were out on a delivery when they spotted me in the parade. I went on with the parade, but for a few minutes that day I was back fifteen years and my hands were black with coal dust to prove it.

My home town was pretty much like your home town I suppose. There were the neighborhood celebrities like the Palumbos and Barney Samuel. There were the rough guys and the softies. And there were the friends who, without actually knowing what they were doing, helped me to become a singer.

Opera was sissy stuff to most of the kids in my neighborhood. However, we were predominantly Italian, with the native Italian feeling for opera. The other kids, the Irish, English and such couldn't see it for sour apples. So, naturally, a group of the Italo-American kids got together to do some converting. Opera became a fighting word for us. There were Frank Guarerra, Vincent Bartolomeo and Eddie Lucente and others who were willing to stand with our backs against a wall of the school yard and spill blood (some of it ours) for dear old classical music. Frank is now a leading baritone with the Metropolitan Opera Company, Vince is a fine tenor, still studying in Philadelphia and Eddie is a doctor, specializing in pediatrics, with a growing practice in South Philadelphia.

I was a fanatic on the subject, and, as a matter of fact, considered, even at ten or eleven years of age, something of an authority. This earned me an edge in the war for opera, as one of my teachers, Mr. Maioriello, used to let me take his class for one period a week and drum some of the lore of the opera into my classmates' unwilling heads. They probably wanted to kill me for it, but the man or boy, with the long ruler at the head of the class was boss—so they listened to my childish prattlings.

One of my buddies in those days was Joe Siciliano. Joe and I were known as the laziest kids in the neighborhood. We used to sit on the curb and think about a thousand things we were going to do when we grew up. Joe loved music, too. I remember so well the times we'd go trotting off to Wildwood, New Jersey, take possession of a section of the boardwalk and with Joe playing a guitar, give an open air concert for whatever profit our amused audiences deemed proper. When a man in a blue uniform approached, we'd take off like gazelles for another concert in a safer sector. It may have been illegal, but it didn't hurt anybody and the few brushes with the law we had were a very steadying influence on Joe. He grew up and became one of the best, and best-liked cops in Philadelphia.

My father's house in South Philadelphia was a gathering place for a lot of prominent people, prominent in the neighborhood, that is. But it never held a more inspiring visitor than Barney Samuels, the day of the parade. When we had passed through the main streets, Barney got in my car and asked me if he could go out and say hello to my folks with me. I was very pleased and, with a police escort, we drove to Mercy Street. The official occasion was over, so it became just a visit. Barney and I went inside the house and then the neighbors began piling in. Soon the living room and kitchen were full and the traffic through the front door was like a subway at rush hour.

I sat across the room and saw Barney greet my friends and it gave me a thrill I'll never forget. The Mayor of the third largest city in the land, lounging around our home and chatting with my friends.

We made another call that day, too, but it wasn't as cheering. There was a kid I used to play with who always seemed a little better at anything he tried than any of the rest of us. His name was Subby Ciani. He was very popular and quite an athlete. When I left the neighborhood, Subby went off to college and made a reputation for himself in sports at Villanova. Then the war came, interrupting his studies, and Subby went off with the army. He never came back. And it was with a heavy heart that I paid a visit to the Subby Ciani American Legion Post and looked at the citations of valor Subby had earned before he made the supreme sacrifice. Subby, I guess, made a bigger success than any of us.

There was another man from South Philadelphia who gave me an assist without actually knowing he was doing it. I was always interested in Italian. I wanted to know the language thoroughly in all its beauty. I met a man named Mario Pelizzon, a man born in Italy who had come here as an immigrant. He was, and is today, a scholar and has a splendid reputation as a good citizen in his adopted city. As a matter of fact, during the war when many foreign-born Italians were restricted by the government, Mr. Pelizzon was a member of the FBI.

When he found that I liked pure Italian, he took me under his wing and tutored me in the language until I became very proficient. Many of my Italian associates in operatic circles still insist I must have been born in the old country to have acquired such a true accent. Learning a language may not seem too important, but to a student of opera who plans to become a singer it is invaluable. Most students must go to Italy for this phase of their training, but I found it right at home in South Philly.

When I left South Philadelphia in 1942 to try my luck in the musical world, I went to the famous Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood, Massachusetts. It was a great opportunity for me, but it frightened me a lot. It was the first time I had been thrown among strangers and, coming from a neighborhood that is as clannish as the Yokums, I dreaded the thought of having to make new friends and acquaintances. But the first man I saw changed everything and dispelled all my fears. It was Al Cascarino, from home, and he was there for the same reason as me, to further his musical education. We had a fine summer and today Al is one of the most promising young composers in America.

In restrospect, a home town takes on a color that no other place on earth can have for a man. The summers seem gayer than they probably were. The winters longer. The springs more beautiful. And the friends warmer. There is no way to tell, really about any of these things but the friends. If they were closer than they are now, we must have been saccharin.

(*Continued on next page*)

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue.
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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top.

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THE *New Tangee* LIPSTICK

But I've never been closer to any men than I was on the occasion of my first radio appearance in Philadelphia upon my return home after *That Midnight Kiss.*

I WAS being interviewed in one of the large broadcast rooms of WCAU, and reminiscing, trying to recall the faces and the nicknames of the kids I'd grown up with, and trying to find out what had happened to them all. Of course, they were a rag-tag bunch in my memory, reluctant to wash behind the ears as I was, dressed in the torn and rumpled uniform of the small boy. They paraded before my mind's eye one by one—and then the door to the broadcast room opened and a number of very fine gentlemen marched in. And in each of those men I saw a boy I used to know.

There were the Capones. Dick, now an eye specialist and rather formal in manner, his brother Eddie, very proper and handsome. The Graziano boys, now big business men, owners of the King Laundry. Vince Bartolomeo, Dr. Eddie Lucente, the kindly baby doctor, Tony Di Simone and a lot of others. One by one we shook hands, men now, all of us, and we grinned in memory of the pranks we played and the mischief we shared.

Each hand was warm with welcome and friendship, and no words have been more musical to my ears than the "Hello, Freddie" I got from each of them. Gone were the years between as we grinned at one another, a little self-consciously at first, and later during the bull session we indulged in and told each other everything that had happened to us since last we'd met. We finished up in South Philadelphia, treading the same streets we'd raced on many years ago.

No boyhood in this country is complete without sand lot baseball. We had ours, but because the city streets were a little too confining for our energetic type of playing, we used to go to Wildwood, New Jersey and carry on our contests on the beach. My chums were great ball players, but the champions of our little group were the young Graziano twins, Carmen and Tony.

They were whizzes, so good in fact that they were continually getting us into hock and hot water with their prowess as sluggers. The baseball story I remember most vividly is the one we played against another neighborhood team on the beach at Wildwood. The score, of course, was tied and, of course, there were two of our men on base and, of course, Carmen Graziano came to bat. Naturally, with two strikes against him, Carmen belted a ball into what seemed like the next county. It was hit so far that he didn't even start to run and with the rest of us he watched the beautiful flight of that ball. It curved into the sky beautifully, then began its drop, still going for distance. Suddenly our grins turned to panic as the ball headed for a nice old man sitting in the sun reading a paper. To our horror, it struck him right between the eyes, a lot of its power gone to be sure, but with still enough force to shatter his eyeglasses into a thousand pieces.

WELL, we took off like frightened deer in every direction, finally meeting half a mile away where we were sure we could still hear the old man's angry roars. We held a council of war. Keep running, or go back and face the music. One of the lads pointed out that maybe the man was poor and couldn't buy another pair of glasses. That decided it. Back we went and stood like a row of saucy puppies taking a scolding while the man told us what he thought of us individually and collectively. He calmed down somewhat when he learned that we intended to pay for the damage we'd done. And, although the odd jobs we had to perform to earn the money practically ruined us as a ball-playing organization that summer, we bought the man the best pair of fancy eyeglasses his oculist could dig up.

It's the things like that, the team we were, the fraternity, the little lessons in life we learned together and the comradeship we developed that anchors a man's home town to his heart.

And, if a man's lucky, the good things that come to him in life will build up to one big moment in his home town, too. Acting in motion pictures brings a lot of personal adulation to a man, maybe more than he deserves. An entertainer eventually becomes rather used to being in the public eye and, while the honors that are bestowed on him never become boring, they do become somewhat commonplace.

But no matter what ever happens to me in my life, no matter if I ever do become a really good singer or a big star in motion pictures and people beat my door down to shake my hand, I will never have a bigger thrill than I got in my home town during the American Legion convention last year. I was not the guest of honor at the banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, but I had been asked to attend and sing. The guest of honor was a big man, the biggest. I was excited and anxious to sing and impress everyone, particularly him. But something happened to the programming. The Guest of Honor was to make a nation-wide radio address, and the entertainment ran so long that it was soon obvious that I wasn't going to be called on to sing. Somewhere a technician signalled the guest he was to go on the air in a minute or so. He stood up and the whole room became quiet. He looked at me, saw, maybe, that I was disappointed, and spoke.

The President of the United States looked at me, now Mario Lanza, once Freddie Cocozza, and in my home town, before all my friends he said, "I want to apologize to Mario Lanza for asking him here and then not allowing enough time for him to sing."

That happened to me in Philadelphia. Maybe, as they say, South Philadelphia is on the wrong side of the tracks. But the President apologized to a kid from over there, so there can't be too much wrong with it. But no matter what, good, bad, great or unimportant, it's my neighborhood and my home town. I hope we love one another forever. THE END

I KNEW HIM WHEN . . .



During the summer of 1946 I went to a small co-ed camp in New Jersey. All the girls used to drool over a dramatic counselor there named Bernie Schwartz. Rumors went around the camp that he was going to Hollywood, but nobody thought it would happen. But when I saw Criss Cross *in 1948, I thought I saw Bernie in a scene. He had such a small part that I couldn't tell for sure. Then, about a year later, I saw* City Across the River. *I was then positive it was he. His name now is Anthony Curtis.*

Edward Tager
Brooklyn, New York

hou swell

(Continued from page 27) with all her night. "Time to stop!" she shouted. Everybody go home!"

A few years ago when the celebrated uthor James Cain interviewed Lana for a nagazine, he got the surprise of his life. "The girl absolutely sparkles!" he said. Why—she used four syllable words and ll in the right places." He grinned sheepshly. "I must confess I was expecting a ad time of it—and I haven't had such an njoyable conversation in a long time!"

Mr. Cain didn't let it go at that. It was is opinion that Lana has great sensitivity nd talent. Because she was to star in he screen version of his book, "The Postman Rings Twice," he had been shown a creening at the studio of *Ziegfeld Girl*, nade in 1941. Lana was 21 at the time, nd in the picture gave perhaps the greatst dramatic performance of her life. A few years later she proved her talent t comedy, the stumbling block of many ctresses, when she gave an hilarious performance in *Slightly Dangerous*. As a natter of fact, it can truthfully be said hat she's never given a bad performance.

MUSIC rates high on the list of her many interests. All kinds of music. She is seen at the large majority of oncerts given in the Hollywood Bowl or nywhere else in Los Angeles, and Claude Thornhill and Lenny Hayden will tell ou that they admire her not only as a erson, but as a girl who really knows usic. An etching of the composer and ianist Rachmaninoff hangs in the den of er home. Now this is nothing unusual. Millions of people enjoy good music, but o one suspects that Lana Turner does, too.

You might say, of course, that she's utting on an act, that she's pretending o be a highbrow. But Lana is too honest or that. Many stars who reach the top eel that an ersatz dignity is called for, nd they gradually develop deep throated Bostonain accents and begin to drop their s. Not Lana Turner. She speaks in the ame way she has all her life, and her oice retains that little girl quality.

She isn't afraid to state her likes and islikes. She'll tell you that she knows othing about flowers and doesn't enjoy ardening. "I'm happy they're there," she ays. "They're pretty and I like to look at hem, but that's all." Other people seem to hink it's necessary to pretend they love lowers, that it's coarse to be uninterested.

WHEN Bob Topping presented Lana with an original Rembrandt for their ew home, she didn't like it and said so. There is nothing in the world that compels person to like a certain painting; it's a natter of personal taste, but most people re afraid to admit it.

Lana is a kind person, and a generous ne. It is said that in her single days she was always broke, because she'd give the world with a fence around it to anyone he loved and sometimes to people she lidn't even know. She gave her standn a mink coat. The girl who was her ecretary for years was always beautiully dressed and admitted with candor hat her dress, her shoes, her suit, had een given her by Lana. Innumerable haritable organizations, and notably the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, freuently received large and unsolicited mounts of money from Lana.

"It's a funny thing, but I hate to see a ickel go over the counter," she'll tell you, ut MGM's designer Helen Rose will tell ou different. Lana had been in Miss Rose's office with a group of people who

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were talking about a certain starlet. It was such a shame, they said. The girl badly needed an operation but had no money to pay for it. Lana had never met the actress under discussion, but seemed interested and left after a few moments. When Helen Rose went back to her desk she found a check for several hundred dollars, signed by Lana, and a note beside it which read, "Would you do me a favor and see that this gets to Miss ——?"

ONE night during the war Lana was at the Mocambo. So was a young sailor who had just come home on leave from Central America. Spotting Lana, the boy told his friends that he'd give his right arm to do a rhumba with Lana Turner. Word of his wish got to the owner of the Mocambo who, knowing Lana's good nature, went to her table and told her about it. Now Lana didn't know the Seaman 2/c from a bag of beans. She didn't even know if he could dance. But she immediately sent word that she'd be delighted to dance with him. It turned out that the kid could rhumba better than anyone this side of Fred Astaire. The expression on the sailor's face, as he whirled Lana around the room, was something to write home about.

Lana is discriminating in her friendships. She has to be, for she gives so readily that she is often hurt and unable to understand why others will only take and never give. And she is loyal. While her business manager, George Cole, was in uniform, she managed her own affairs, and re-hired him on the spot when he was discharged. When Lana was dropped from the Warner roster years ago, her stand-in also came under the axe, but as soon as MGM saw the value of Miss Turner and handed her a contract, they were asked to employ her stand-in, too.

Lana's home is unlike others in Hollywood. Many of them look, literally, like model homes, as though no one lived in them. The cushions are plumped as though no one ever dared sit down and the books lining the shelves look unread and untouched. Lana's home has warmth and signs of gracious living. You're likely to find one of Cheryl's dolls sprawled on a window seat, the bookshelves have a cluttered look, and an album of Brahms may be lying on the floor in front of the radio. Lana *lives* in her home, and usually she wears slacks and moccasins there, although she can dress like a duchess when the occasion calls for it.

THE carpenters and grips and electricians love to work with Lana. She is regarded by them as one of the least temperamental stars in town, and certainly the least demanding. When she started *A Life of Her Own,* it was the first picture she had made in two years, and the crew on the set were delighted to have her back. They remembered, in fact, that she is fond of "Peg Of My Heart" and arranged for a group of musicians to play it as she came onto the set for the first time. Tributes such as this are rare in the industry, and it is said that Lana was misty-eyed when she heard the song.

James Cain wasn't wrong when he observed that Lana is a sensitive person. You have only to watch her face when her daughter Cheryl comes into the room. Any mother loves her children, certainly, but it is a particularly pleasant experience to watch Lana with her child. Seeing them together you know that there is a great bond between them.

Lana loves children, everyone's children. More than anything else in the world she wants more of her own, and has the courage to try. Courage is the word for two reasons. One is because Lana was told after Cheryl's birth that if she had any more babies, her life would be in considerable danger. Ignoring the warning, she became pregnant in the first year of her marriage to Bob Topping, and the resultant miscarriage cost her more emotionally than she would ever admit. She is still undaunted. In fact, Lana is expecting another child in January. Fortunately, a new serum which helps to battle the Rh factor will help make it easier for her.

It is a fact that for three months before Cheryl was born, Lana was totally blind. No one knew it at the time, not even her studio, because despite the misery that Lana must have suffered, she preferred to keep the knowledge from others to save them worry. It is possible that Lana will be unhappy that this has appeared in print, but it is time that people should know it, because it proves better than anything else the magnificent pluck of the girl. And her kindness, her thoughtfulness, at a time when she must have been frightened to the core was a display of courage with a capital C.

HAVING been the victim for years of exaggerated press reports, Lana understandably tries to keep to herself the things that are closest to her. She has the type of sensational beauty that is associated with sensational news. In the days when she was publicized as the Nightclub queen, Lana said, "If I dated all the men I'm reported to have dated, I wouldn't have time to eat, sleep or make pictures."

Like other stars, she is defenseless against this type of journalism. Long ago, before they learned a lesson, the stars asked for a retraction in the paper of the following day. But they soon found this method worked only more harm, since millions of people who missed the original item read the retraction, and the gossip became more widely circulated.

The untrue words that have been printed about Lana Turner, if put end to end, would stretch from Nome to Nagasaki. The latest tempest in a teapot is the report of a few months ago that Lana and her husband had an argument. Many columnists took up the hue and cry, dreamily filling space about knock-down, drag-out fights between Lana and Bob. By now some may have definitely stated that there'll be a divorce. To this situation Lana responds, "I'm living a quiet life and there isn't anything to say about me, so they have to dream it up. Of course, it would be pretty silly to say that Bob and I never argue. It's a rare married couple that doesn't. But as for *fights!* Well, what can I do? We're grown people, and we settle our differences by discussing them quietly until we come to a satisfactory understanding."

This story is no attempt to paint Lana Turner as an angel. She is a human being, and undoubtedly has the faults that go along with being one. She may even have a bad temper, or a jealous nature. She may not. But the very least that can be said for Lana is that to have been a kid of 16 on a soda-fountain stool, and a famous actress and millionairess in the same life is quite a trick. Lana turned that trick and withal she has managed to remain a very real and warm and well-balanced person.

THE END

Paid Notice

ARE YOU *lovely*...

OR LONELY?

SEE PAGE 19

betty steps out

(*Continued from page 46*) you might say."

But somewhere in Betty Hutton there is a tremendous capacity for sanity. Somewhere inside of her there is a passion for staid living, in a home, with a man and children. It has been her most often expressed wish as long as Hollywood has known her. Unrequited love to her is like an open wound and can be just as deadly to a woman of her temperament.

THE FIRST time that Hollywood knew that Betty Hutton was really in love was shortly after Paramount had elevated her to stardom. The man worked at the studio, his office within peering distance of her dressing room. When Betty was certain that nothing would ever come of her love, the world tumbled in on that dressing room, and sadness and all its kin came there to live with her. For months, she sat by the window alone and tearful, her eyes never leaving the doorstep of her man's office, waiting for hours just to get a glimpse of him once or twice a day as he entered or left. She knew it was a fruitless vigil, but she had to keep it or die.

There were several bitter years for Betty after that. When she finally emerged from her melancholy she looked as bright as ever. Hoyden Hutton, she seemed. Go to a party every night and sing and dance like a murderer. If a fellow got two dates in a row, it was a mistake in her bookkeeping. But those gay lads in that mad circle are not the substantial type as a rule, and Betty found herself getting farther and farther away from the little white cottage with the red roses 'round the door.

"What I want in a man," Betty is reported to have confided to a friend one day, "is the feeling that he will be able to take care of me and the kids if anything happens."

It wasn't the money. Betty had that. But she wanted more than anything the self-respect that went with a marriage in which the head of the house paid the butcher. Ted Briskin was that kind of a fellow—and that, some of Betty's friends say, is why she married him.

Briskin didn't have a chance. Betty Hutton took one look at him, asked a couple of pertinent questions and then descended on him. When it came time to talk of marriage, she brought it up. When it came time to clarify their situation for their friends and the press, she announced the engagement. And there are those who swear that when they entered their home for the first time as Mr. and Mrs., she carried *him* over the threshold. Her friends can believe this, for it is certain she is capable of both getting the idea and heisting Mr. Briskin onto a sleek shoulder.

WHAT BROKE up this marriage is anybody's guess. There were all sorts of rumors of battles in the Briskin home, most of them no doubt true, because Betty has been fighting since she was born. There were reports that Betty had attacks of "nerves" and was too tired to play house when she finished work. That is hard to believe. In all her life, Betty Hutton has never been too tired to fell a hundred-foot tree with a dull ax before going to bed. She's been bored, but never tired. As for nerves, she just hasn't got the ordinary kind. Nothing ever stays bottled up inside her to the point of frustration.

Maybe Briskin was bored. Maybe *he* got tired. Maybe she slugged him. Anything but the pat excuses given to the press. At any rate, Betty Hutton didn't toss her marriage away on a sudden whim. She was obviously and sincerely, deeply

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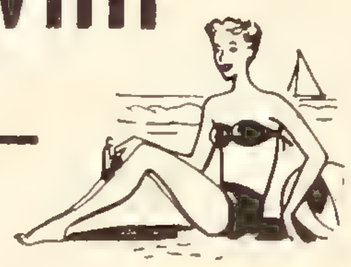
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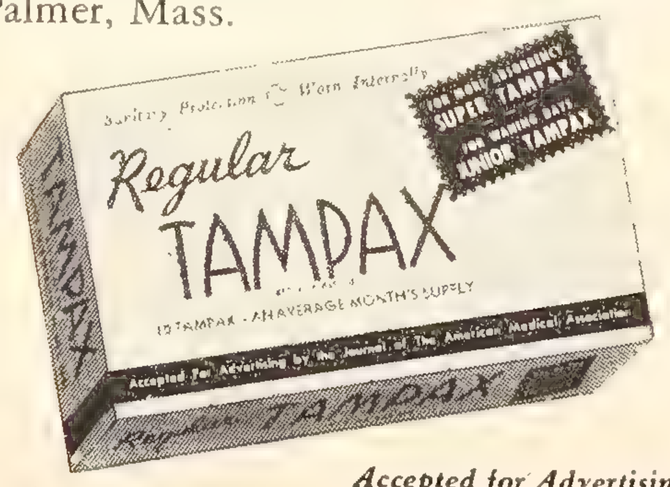
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unhappy for a long time before their first separation. And when she agreed to try again, she really tried—and Hutton knows how to try to keep a guy happy.

Ted Briskin, to give the man his due, tried too. But eventually he was moved to say that he "couldn't stand a bossy woman." A mild description of his life with the bombastic Betty.

There is no doubt at all that Betty Hutton will make the greatest mother ever. Even without a man around the house, she'll manage to see that her kids have the best upbringing possible. She'll probably protect them with handcuffs and haymakers, as the occasion calls for, and then, when they are old enough to make it alone, give them boxing lessons and ten dollars and send them out into the world to take it from there.

Right now, despite all the recent happenings, Betty Hutton is at the peak of her career as both an actress and a woman. With *Annie Get Your Gun* she is back, professionally, where she always belonged and out of the cinematic doldrums several dull movies plunged her into. She is wiser, as a woman and as a screen star, than she has ever been. She has learned about scripts, directors and what people want to see and hear her do. She'll make no compromises with this knowledge in the future, not ever.

Socially, she is also once again the life of the party and no piano or man is safe with her if the mood to sing a song or chuck a lad under the chin comes upon her. A magazine editor asked her some time ago what she thought would happen to her love life now that her heart had been broken.

"Where are those guys?" she answered typically Hutton style. "Bring 'em on!"

SHE confessed that she was looking forward to her recent trip to New York, and that she fully intended to take the town apart and dance the rubber heels off any man who got within shagging distance. However, a small virus got hold of her somewhere on the trip east and, as she couldn't get at it with a skillet, the virus kept her off her nimble feet during her entire stay. New York missed a great deal.

Take a look at Betty Hutton almost any night now. At Mocambo, the new home of the Charleston, she will more than likely be at a ringside table, yaking it up with them that can take it, reviving steps the Castles used to stumble through and laughing louder than the guy who owns the joint. There'll be a fellow on hand somewhere, hoping that the moon will be out on the way home, and that he can hold out that long.

Or, on another night, she'll be sitting alone in the living room of her house with the lights turned low and a sad singer of slow songs active on the phonograph, indolent as a caterpillar, wishing the door would open and some kind of a Valentino would walk in and punch her in the nose and kiss her. Or that the doorbell would ring and a masterful type would walk in and take over the management of the place—flinging his check book at her so she can get off some of the bills while he goes in and whispers the babies to sleep.

Oh, that Hutton is an enigma all right.

She'd send her right eye over in a tea cup if you were kind to her and she thought you could use it. She'll weep at the sight of a tear in anyone else's eye. She'll stand up and slug it out man to man with Joe Louis if he thinks he's tough. And she'll get so stubborn she'll hold her breath until the top of her head comes off if it will win an important point.

There is no way to figure it. She's just Betty Hutton. And the terrifying and beautiful part of it is that she probably always will be. You've got to love her, and if you know her, you'll always love her—and keep your eyes open and your pistol cocked.

And what does Hutton think of Hutton? Not so much.

She was at a night club one evening recently talking to a friend when a gorgeous star came into the room. Betty ogled her and sighed.

"She's so beautiful," she said. "Why can't I be that beautiful—everyone'd love me."

They sat on opposite sides of the room for an hour or more. Nobody stopped to say hello to "gorgeous"—but every man and woman who walked into that club stopped for a moment to say a word—any kind of a word—to Betty Hutton.

THE END

i discovered san francisco

(*Continued from page 38*) man with a box camera who'd set up business at 25c a shot. He looked a little disdainfully at Sprague and his fancy equipment and wherever Sprague told us to pose, the little man would say, "No, I think over there would be better, don't you?" Usually, Sprague didn't think so, but the little man was good-natured, and he took pains with us when we posed for him.

Then Betsy and I took a ride on the cable car, an old San Francisco institution. When we reached the end of the line the conductor got out. Then the motorman got out.

"Hey," Betsy said to me. "I think we're being deserted."

"Ah," I said. "Adventure, at last." Actually, I knew that this was the point where the car had to be turned around, and there was no one to turn it but the motorman and the conductor.

A visit to San Francisco isn't complete for me without a shopping spree in Ransohoff's department store. I still wear shoes that I bought there five years ago. I was trying on a pair when I heard someone say, "This pair won't do."

I looked up to see Mr. Ransohoff, himself. "Let me help," he volunteered.

Forty or fifty pairs and several conferences later, we decided on five. I couldn't begin to thank Mr. Ransohoff and I walked out knowing that several years later I'd most likely return wearing a pair of the shoes I'd bought that day!

Back in our hotel room, Betsy and I relaxed on the couch and talked. One thing was certain. No matter where anyone came from, after a few hours in San Francisco, one felt as though he had been admitted to automatic citizenship with the right to be utterly proud of the city.

THAT NIGHT, we had dinner with the Schwabachers. I'll confess that I'm not what folks call a "big eater." But the town always does something strange to my appetite. A stevedore couldn't pack away any more. After dinner, we took a tour of the clubs. There was Charlie Low's Forbidden City Cafe. And there was still another place I shall never forget. It wasn't much larger than a small living room—and the customers must have numbered 300. Al became engaged in a serious discussion with the head waiter. "It's Miss Wyman's only evening in town," he said desperately.

The waiter nodded. Then he led us to a tiny space on the floor. Another waiter appeared carrying orange crates. Empty, of course—and for us to sit on. We had a

vonderful time; one we'll never forget.

Saturday morning, the Junior Press Club conference was held in the St. Francis Hotel. High school editors and the cub reporters took over the situation. I felt almost like a teacher, standing there. I couldn't help thinking, "There isn't anything they can ask me that I won't have an answer for . . . and if there is, I'd better get out of the picture business!"

A girl's hand went up.

"Yes?" I said and waited.

There was a pause. And then: "Miss Wyman, are you *really* a *Lux* girl?"

I was still smiling as we continued our lengthy sightseeing tour in Chinatown, where I did some shopping for Maureen and Mike. And even as we proceeded to Jacques'—a hundred-year-old restaurant where the tradition is as rich as the food.

Milt and Bill were waiting for us in front of Jacques'.

They seemed to be in a hurry. The sirens started going full blast, and we tore

A great actor is a good actor with an accent—*Sir Cedric Hardwicke*

through the worst traffic in San Francisco. Betsy and I were in the front seat. My hair was flying but I knew nothing would save us—or stop us. Betsy was holding on to her large picture hat and looking very unruffled. I turned around. Al Schwabacher was in the back seat, very unconcerned. And Max Burkett, the Warners representative, was—of all things—reading a newspaper.

Barry McCarthy, who's West Coast public relations director for Ford and should know how much a car can take, laughed at my fears, but he didn't take his eyes off the road. I nodded toward our friends on the motorcycles. "What happens if they have to make a sudden stop?"

"Why, we pull back and fly right over," said the cheerful Mr. McCarthy.

Twelve minutes after leaving Jacques', we arrived at the race track. "My, but that was a quick trip," I said.

"Sure was!" replied Max. "At normal speed it takes forty-five minutes."

Perhaps that's the way to go to the races though. The results were fine. I came out with a thirty-dollar profit. And The Guardsmen? They raised something like $50,000—that's a lot of vacations.

Then we headed back into town.

IT WAS hard saying goodbye to San Francisco. The people—the city, itself. The city where you can climb to the hills and look for hours at the harbor which is unsurpassed for beauty. Below, the mighty Golden Gate Bridge, Cliff House, Seal Rocks—and at your feet the 1,000-acre Golden Gate Park. Far in the distance is Muir National Monument, four hundred acres of forest in which the giant redwoods are as much as fifteen centuries old. And when night comes, you want to climb again to the heights. This time perhaps Twin Peaks . . . from there you can see a vast sweep of lights reflected in the Pacific Ocean.

But, too soon, we were aboard The Lark, still glowing with the warmth and graciousness spread around us by the people of San Francisco. And I, for one, think there ought to be a law. Sooner or later, everyone should have to visit this fabulous city. Everyone, I'm sure, would come away as I always do, sighing, "San Francisco. I love you!" THE END

(Jane Wyman's latest MGM movie is Three Guys Named Mike.)

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the story robert mitchum never told

(*Continued from page 59*) Give me a few minutes to raise it."

The blackmailer smiled, a wan smile of assent. He ambled back to his table and nodded at some of his boys. The gunmen came and joined him, just waiting for the big boss to give his word.

MITCHUM'S bodyguard knew full well what could happen. One of these thugs might walk up to Bob and without saying a word, slug him. Mitchum who is handy with his dukes, would strike back. Within a few minutes, the night club would become a shambles, and Bob Mitchum's name would be smeared again.

Niver thought quickly. He raced over to the pretty blonde employed by the night club to shoot photos of the customers. He squeezed a hundred-dollar bill into her palm. "See all those characters sitting around the ringside tables?" he asked. The girl said yes.

"Well, just as fast as you can," Niver ordered, "you start shooting pictures of them. And don't let them stop you, either."

The cute little blonde followed orders. She took her Speed Graphic and flash bulbs and began shooting. "Beat it, sister," one of the racketeers muttered. But the little girl wouldn't. Hundred-dollar bills didn't grow on trees. She kept her shutter clicking and her flash bulbs popping, and as she did, the gunmen began to turn away. Soon, the big boy himself got up and walked out. The lesser fry followed. Most of them had criminal records. If anything broke, those photographs could surely identify them.

When the last of the hoodlums had left, Niver got hold of Mitchum, and together they kissed Chicago farewell.

THE history of Hollywood is replete with blackmail and at the moment Bob is a set-up for any hoodlum thus inclined.

Mitchum can't *breathe* near trouble until January 1951. That's when his two years of probation expire. If he gets involved in the slightest jam, if his probation officer becomes convinced that he isn't living a respectable life—then Bob has to sit in jail for a year and nine months, the balance of his sentence.

That's an awful weight for a man to carry around. Few people realize the mental strain involved. Bob has always been a carefree character. These restraints—the inability to leave town without the probation officer's okay, the checking in every month, the being watched and followed—is doubly hard on a man of his temperament.

But he's taking it in stride. He gives the same flip, devil-may-care impression that he's always given. He asks everyone to call him Doll—his favorite name for himself and everyone else—but deep down inside, he knows that he's the man who's returned from Hell and will never go back.

THE truth of the matter is that Robert Mitchum needn't have gone to jail. If he had wanted to plead not guilty, if he had wanted to ask for a trial by jury—the chances are that he might have been acquitted.

The story Mitchum never told is the story of two girls, Vicki Evans and Lila Leeds, of how they were being shadowed by the police, and of how he had to drop in on them on the one night when the police had decided to pull a raid.

Many people would have you believe that Mitchum fell for a trap, that the trap was sprung by a girl in the employ of the police. It isn't so. What actually happened was this: back in 1948 when Bob was temporarily separated from his wife, Dorothy—he took up with a character of sorts, named Robin Ford. Supposedly a real estate agent, Ford was a nondescript fellow who hung around joints, making friendships with a strange variety of people.

Through Ford, Mitchum met Lila Leeds, a young, reckless actress who'd won a minimum of screen fame after starting out in life as a waitress.

What Mitchum never knew was that Lila Leeds was being tailed by the narcotics squad. She herself had no idea that she was being followed. Had she known of the "shadow" thrown on her movements, she certainly wouldn't have endangered Mitchum's welfare. She liked him too much.

AS things turned out, Lila's place was scheduled for a raid on August 31st, 1948. When Mitchum and Robin Ford walked in, the two narcotics agents waiting outside were absolutely amazed.

This is what Mitchum told the Los Angeles County Probation Officer about his affair with Lila: He and Ford were invited to see the new cottage she had rented in Laurel Canyon. "I reluctantly consented to stop in for a minute," Bob explained. "We were met at the door by Miss Leeds and another girl who was introduced as Vicki Evans. Miss Leeds handed me a cigarette and upon accepting it, I looked up and saw what I believed to be a face at the window.

"At that moment there was a loud crash, and two men burst into the room holding Miss Evans as a shield. Without bothering to drop the cigarette, I crouched to throw the small table before me at the men, thinking it was a holdup, but one of them shouted, 'Police officers.'

"Sergeant Barr retrieved the cigarette. I observed a package of cigarettes in a crumpled Philip Morris wrapper on the table . . . and Officer McKinnon attempted to thrust the package into my hands, and said, 'These are yours.'

"I replied that they were not. He said, 'Look, don't give me the business and we'll get along fine.'

"I did not have any marijuana when I entered the house, nor did I know or believe anyone else there would have any."

Mitchum was indicted on two counts, possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. Before the trial got under way, his attorney, Jerry Geisler, asked for a severance of counts, and the



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Judy Garland is dating Grace Hayes' son Peter . . . Jackie Cooper is still taking Pat Stewart to nightclubs and previews . . . Lew Ayres is quite smitten with the charms of Helen Gilbert . . . Olivia De Havilland seems to be concentrating on Howard Hughes . . . There are those who say that Anatole Litvak and Ann Sheridan are really serious about their romance.—*January, 1940—Modern Screen.*

State agreed to try the actor on the second. He was found guilty and sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary, the sentence to be held in abeyance, upon Mitchum's serving ninety days in the county jail.

If Bob had wanted to, he could have taken the witness stand in front of a jury. He could have told the story of his life. It would have been a long, sad, tear-provoking autobiography. But Bob wouldn't tell his story to the public, although he did tell it, in private, to the probation officer.

Here is the official statement of Robert Charles Mitchum, born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, August 6th, 1917:

"My mother was born in Christiana, Norway, and arrived in this country with her mother, sister, and brother at age 9, to join her father, a steamer captain.

"My father, James Mitchum, a native South Carolinian, was killed in a railroad accident in Charleston, S. C. in 1919.

"In 1927, my mother remarried. Her husband was Hugh Cunningham-Morris, then feature editor of the Bridgeport Telegram . . .

"In 1928 my mother joined us on the Delaware farm where my half-sister was born, my step-father remaining at his desk.

"My sister applied for and received a permit to work, and at 14 deserted her junior term in high school for the stage, becoming source of family support.

"During my own fourteenth year, I spent the summer as deckhand on a salvage ship, the Sayomore out of Fall River, Mass. In 1931, the family moved to Philadelphia, and later that year to New York.

"These moves I supplemented with occasional excursions of my own, one of which in 1933, ended in the Chatham County Camp in Savannah, Georgia. Riding freight trains in the company of other boys, I was convicted of what I recall was a technical charge of vagrancy and released approximately a week later . . .

"Returning to Delaware, I learned that my mother had rented a house. But it appeared that our family was in most desperate circumstances.

"Accordingly, I left school and went to work as a garage mechanic, determined that my younger brother's education should be uninterrupted.

"That same autumn I met the girl I was later to marry, Dorothy Spence . . .

"Joining the CCC, I worked on the Tideland Reclamation Project until July 1934, when with what little money I had saved, I set out for California.

"Arriving with my brother in Long Beach, we were joined by the rest of the family . . . My brother was enrolled in Long Beach's Polytechnic High School and I began a series of odd jobs which included dish-washing, truck-loading, stevedoring and building-maintenance and repair.

"In September 1935, through the efforts of a friend, I was employed in Toledo, Ohio . . . The job over, I visited my girl in Delaware, and in May, 1936, returned to California . . .

"My sister having assumed an active interest in a civic theater project, I was urged by my mother to join an act which began one of the most enjoyable and satisfying encounters of my life.

"For the first time I was privileged to make the acquaintance of young people of my own age who shared my ideas and reflections, and though most of us were thread-bare poor, we forgot our fears of the future.

"Throughout that and the next year I acted, directed, and wrote children's plays with some local success . . .

"In 1938, approached by a friend to edit the lectures of an astrologer, Mr. Carroll

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Righter, I was sufficiently intrigued by the novelty to accept, and began a tour of women's clubs and resort hotels which took us to New England in 1939 and in early 1940 to Palm Beach, Florida.

"Proximity hastened the season, for in March, I left Palm Beach for Philadelphia, stated a formal proposal, and in Dover, Delaware, for better or for worse, Dorothy Spence became Mrs. Robert Mitchum.

"RETURNING to California with my wife, I dissolved my agreement with Mr. Righter and returned to the haphazard pursuit of specialized writing until early 1941 when the prospects of parenthood suggested more reliable employment.

"In April, the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation accepted me for employment and a month later, my first son was born.

"Dorothy and I were living with my mother, my small earnings serving to partially support that household, an arrangement which became increasingly uncomfortable, in the light of my mother's and sister's accusative conviction that my wife was somehow responsible for what they regarded as 'my enforced labor.'

"Therefore, determined to re-establish direction, I expended my sleepless hours in little theater productions, which association brought me to the attention of one Paul Wilkins, an artist-manager, who suggested that should it be my intent to commercialize my talent, I first contact him.

"In April, my company's medical supervisor advised my severance in the best interest of health, and prescribed that I seek expression in the work I loved.

"MR. Wilkins, to whom I announced my plan, began to cart me around on interviews, while generous friends loaned me a presentable wardrobe. This resulted in my employment in May by producer Harry Sherman . . .

"Encouraged by my progress, Dorothy, Josh, and I moved from a $32.50 rental to a $50 rental, and in October, 1943, my second son was born. In March 1944, I accompanied a motion picture location company to Florida . . . Home again, I received notice to report for Army induction

"Upon reporting, I was excused until the next quota call, during which interim a regulation exempting fathers postponed my induction."

Bob was later drafted but when he got out of the Army, Bert Allenberg took him on as a client. In less than two years after that, Bob Mitchum was earning $3,000 a week.

The money went to his head. Why shouldn't it have? He had never known any wealth in his entire life. The reaction was completely normal. He and his wife began to quarrel, and eventually they agreed on a temporary separation. Dorothy and the two boys went back East, and Bob began playing around with Robin Ford and met Lila Leeds.

That's Bob Mitchum's whole story. As you read it over, as you look back on his shabby, pitiful youth, as you glean his fine Victorian literary style, his self-education, the relatively few moments of happiness he's enjoyed in life—can you believe that a jury, presented with all the facts, would have found him guilty?

BOB Mitchum took a bum rap . . . and yet not once, has he ever complained.

He lives today with Dorothy and the two boys in a new, sprawling ranch house in Mandeville Canyon. Whatever spare time he has, he spends with his family.

There are those who still point to Mitchum as the personification of Hollywood's immorality. Mitchum, however, has shown himself to have more honor and fortitude of spirit than any of his detractors.

When it comes to the case study of this man, currently a moral credit to his community, no concluding statement is more apt than this quotation from the Bible:

"He that is without sin among you: let him cast the first stone." THE END



Lila Leeds, who was convicted last year with Bob Mitchum on a narcotics charge, is now a night-club singer. She announced her engagement recently to Erwin Arvey, the son of a Chicago politico.

e big splash

ontinued from page 34) culinary victory. had hamburgers à la MacKenzie and a soul had indigestion.

Naturally, the conversation was picture-se. Marshall had just finished a picture Metro called *The Violent Hour.* And rbara, of course, knew the script by art because she'd helped him memorize lines. Amanda "I don't look a bit like eer Garson" Blake was winding up her e in *Grounds For Marriage* at MGM and n planning to travel to Columbia for a ntract at that studio. For a newcomer, yce really has a flock of films. Her first rt was in *Twelve O'Clock High* and she's lowed it with hits like *Ticket to Tomawk* and *Broken Arrow.*

Roddy acquired a brand new name—rson, Jr." we called him. Mainly be-use he's an associate producer and the r of *Tall Timber,* and has a disc jockey ogram in his spare time.

As for Tony and Jack, they talked over tlaw days. Tony's a *Kansas Raider* in e picture of the same name, only plural. nong them, Tony, Dick Long, Scott ady and Audie Murphy get to shoot the old west, compliments of Univer--International. However, Jack claimed I got there first. He was Billy the Kid in *e Outlaw.*

For a while the industrious conversan seemed to have carried us away—en it started getting cool and we deled to leave under our own power. On e way to the car, I glanced over my oulder toward the pool. Bert and Bob, r flashbulb fiends, were drifting away to the sunset. Harvey was with them. I got back to the office feeling cool and lm and collected.

"Well," said my good boss, glancing at s watch, "what have you to say for urself?"

"Blub," I told him in my brand new aterlogged voice. Translated, it means at more people should have sunstrokes hot summer days. THE END

oodbye mr. fancy

Continued from page 62) sports didn't lp much to change that impression. Beuse he spent most of his time with his d friends from college, some people eamed up the idea that he was a snob well as a playboy. Nothing could have en farther from the truth. He was mply shy, and very young.

WHEN the war came along, Bob was one of the first in Hollywood to go into e service. At the Naval Academy at ensacola, he graduated at the top of his ass. For nearly five years, he was one the best aerial gunnery officers in the avy. He ended up as a full lieutenant, nd, like most guys in uniform, came ome looking for fundamentals.

But even before he'd been released om the navy, practically every studio in wn offered him a contract. Twentieth entury-Fox offered him a starting salary $3,500 a week. Bob was amazed.

"Why in the world are they offering me at kind of dough?" he asked his agent. 've been out of pictures for five years."

"Maybe so," the agent replied. "But e fans didn't forget you."

It's hard to pick a ripe plum out of a asketful; and Bob has been kicking himelf ever since the one he chose turned our. Like a lot of people in Hollywood, e had great respect for the Capra-Bris-

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Joan Lansing

kin-Wyler combination that made up Liberty Films, Inc. He signed with them for much less than Twentieth's grandiose offer, and was really disappointed when their company dissolved.

He had another excellent reason for gloom when a peculiar South Pacific virus called mononucleosis belatedly attacked his insides and he had to quit right in the middle of his first independent film, *The Other Love.* Bob didn't get back in shape for work until 1948, when he played his first screen role in six years in *Date with Judy.* It was a light juvenile part, but it was, finally, a start.

Since then, Bob Stack has not exactly been setting the film world on fire. But now, with *Torero,* he is in a very real sense at the turning point of his career.

For this film he had to go down to Mexico and learn about bullfighting. He spent a lot of time at the Xajay bull farm, watching the amateurs of the neighborhood worry the "toritos" in the arena.

Actually a bull never sees a cape until the day he fights for his life in the ring. The "toritos" at the farm were young cows as deadly and as brave and as fierce as the bulls they breed.

"Look at that black one!" shouted the foreman on a day that Bob was there. "Already she fears nothing on two legs."

"She does look tough," said Bob. "Do you mind if I try one of the gentler ones?"

Before the foreman could protest, Bob had picked up a cape and walked out toward the center of the ring where a peaceful looking animal stood waiting.

"Be careful, señor," the foreman shouted. "She is little, but she is also very mean."

Bob discovered that for himself in just a second. The "torito" snorted, lowered her broad head, and charged. Bob barely had time to jump out of the way.

On the next charge Bob was prepared. He stood easily with his cape gracefully draped by his side, looking for all the world like an expert. But the "torito" wasn't impressed. She had the fixed idea of trampling Bob into the dust, and she almost did.

As a rule, people in their right minds do not enter a ring with 900 pounds of porterhouse on the hoof. It's like standing too close to a speeding freight train. But Bob wanted *Torero* to look authentic in every detail.

A few weeks later, he was back at the studio, practicing the intricate foot work and flowing cape movements of a torero. Because he's a natural athlete it came easy to him, and a Hollywood columnist who watched him practice wrote that he looked professional enough to do the actual fighting scenes in the film.

"Are you kidding?" Bob asked. "*Me* get in the ring with a big mad bull? Why, I'd rather go six rounds with Joe Louis!"

"What's the matter," the columnist joked, "losing your nerve?"

"Have you ever *seen* a bullfight?" Bob asked. "Those bulls play for keeps!"

"That wouldn't have stopped you a few years ago," the columnist said.

"A few years ago," Bob reminded him, "I was a lot younger. And even then, I never did anything as reckless as that."

"Oh, no?" the columnist queried. "What about the time you tried to make that speed boat fly up at Lake Merced?"

"*That* was an accident," Bob confessed, with a self-conscious smile. "And I'm not racing my boat anymore."

The columnist was referring to the time Bob cracked up his high-powered speed boat, the Thunderbird, while leading the field in a big race at Lake Merced. He swung into a turn with the throttle wide open, hit a bad wave, and barrel-rolled the boat 15 feet into the air. Bob landed on his head fifty feet away, and woke up in the hospital six hours later.

"And what about that motorcycle spill you had just before the war?"

"I hit some loose gravel in the road," Bob admitted. "It shouldn't have happened. But I'm not riding motorcycles anymore, either." (That spill almost injured him permanently.)

"Ten years ago, I wouldn't have been at all surprised to hear that Bob had taken up bullfighting seriously," says one of his friends. "In those days, Bob would tackle anything new. And believe me, he wouldn't have stopped until he was one of the best bullfighters in the world—or flat on his back."

Happily, this time around, there's none of the "playboy" nonsense dogging his every step. Probably this is true because he's forsaken most of the madcap sports which made it possible for snap-judgers to pin that label on him. Also, Bob is a much wiser, more mature young man than he used to be.

Actors who have recently worked with him are genuine in their praise of his ability. But Bob is still a little wary of their exuberance.

"People will come up and say, 'Gee, Bob, you were terrific in that take' like they had expected me to have two heads and smell," Bob says. "But I believe that most of Hollywood is beginning to be convinced that I am serious about acting."

When Bob's father, J. Langford Stack, died in 1929, he left a gross estate of nearly $5,000,000 in property to Bob, his mother, and his brother, Jim. It is a certainty that Bob will never be troubled by economic insecurity as long as he lives. It is only natural that this happy condition has created some unconscious resentment in Hollywood.

Movie actors wear dark glasses to funerals, to conceal the fact that their eyes are not red from weeping.—*Nunnally Johnson*

"It has never occurred to Bob that money is an advantage," a close friend of the Stack family says. "If anything, it provides a constant challenge for him to make good on his own."

Bob's tremendous admiration for his father has influenced everything he has ever done in his life. Jim Stack was a big, lusty man who began subjecting his two sons to outdoor life almost before they could talk. Bob was only 8 years old when his father first took him duck-hunting. When they got out in the blind, he handed Bob a 12-gauge shotgun to try. Bob shot it and it knocked him flat.

"I guess I'll have to get you a lighter gun," his father commented.

He is so dead serious about acting that he has postponed all plans of marriage until he gets his career in full stride. He has been seeing a lot of Evelyn Keyes and Claudette Thornton. But neither one has wrung a proposal from him.

"I have the problem of being in love with my work," Bob says. "And until I have my profession under control, it wouldn't be fair to any woman to have a distraction like that in her life."

The past three years have been a period of restlessness and marking time for Bob Stack, waiting for that one part which would give him a chance to prove his real ability. It may be that *Torero* is it. But no matter how *Torero* turns out, Stack is on the way—and even a wild bull couldn't stop him.

THE END

love me, love my house

(*Continued from page 42*) sports coats became enemies in the closet. There was no place for her records and his drafting boards. Finally she turned to John one evening and said, "What ever became of that stone and glass house in Mandeville Canyon?"

"It's still standing. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," she said casually. "Only, why don't we live in it?"

John was speechless for a moment. Then he grinned. "You mean you really want to live in a modern house?"

"If it's one of yours."

"It's one of mine," said John, "but maybe you won't like it. Maybe it's not your type. Maybe . . ."

"Maybe we ought to go look at it," she suggested.

So they went.

JOHN opened the heavy front door of the modern house, and he let Diana wander through it herself. He has a theory that you can't argue people into liking contemporary style architecture. You have to let them live in a contemporary home for a few weeks. If they don't like it after experiencing the freedom of uncluttered rooms and large expanses of sunlight, no eloquent flood of words will change them.

In a few minutes, Diana came looking for her husband. Her eyes were shining. "John, it's perfect for us! I think we should decorate our bedroom in rose-beige and chocolate brown and maybe have a splashy, figured wallpaper in one bathroom and something more masculine in the other. We can have red in the kitchen, and gray. And, of course, we'll eat by candlelight. Candlelight in the mountains . . . and all those windows. . . ."

Today, Diana is a confirmed modernist who specializes in giving dinner parties for ten or twelve friends, including one pair of house-hunting newlyweds. Just let anyone profess the smallest interest in her house, and she'll take them on a tour pointing out the wonderful conveniences which are hidden all over the place.

For example, there's a ventilator fan in the stall shower that draws all the steam and humidity out through a vent in the roof. Every room has a two-way speaker system which saves a lot of unnecessary walking in an otherwise narrow elongated house. All the light switches are located at convenient hip height instead of being at the old conventional shoulder level. This saves having to reach up every time you want to turn on a light. In addition, there is one black button on every light panel that ties into a master switch. A flip of this switch from anywhere in the house will turn on all the lights in the place. This simple gadget serves as a sure safety device. Should the Lindsays ever hear a prowler, they need only move a finger to flood their home with light.

IN THE Lindsay kitchen, you will find the greatest collection of up-to-the-minute conveniences for the housewife. There's a Westinghouse stove and refrigerator, a Frigidaire automatic laundry, and a Kitchenaid mixer that all operate on the low electric rate. The fireman-red counters and black splash are made of linoleum treated with a plastic bar varnish which won't stain or burn.

The house furnishings are equally as smart and economical, too. The floor to ceiling draperies throughout the entire residence are made of ordinary sailcloth. As a hanging fabric, sailcloth is wonderfully practical. It sheds dirt and doesn't need any lining to make it opaque. You can buy sailcloth at practically any department store.

The floors—and this, too, is a swell tip—are covered with Caliwool which is not a rug at all but a carpet liner. It costs $2.00 a square yard as compared to the cheapest broadloom at $8.00. Caliwool is wearable and comes in soft beautiful colors. It's ideal for the young home-maker. Someday, when the Lindsays' budget permits, they plan to lay wall to wall carpeting on top of their liner, but right now Caliwool is superb for their purposes.

The furniture in the Lindsay house is custom designed. A friend of John's, Newton Lichter, designed the pieces out of tough, inexpensive material. The two living room couches, for example, have wrought iron frames, while the cushions are ordinary bed mattresses and large bolsters, covered by a coarse green wool.

After Diana's friends make the grand tour of her house they usually tell her, "Dolly, you're so lucky being settled in a place designed especially for you."

Her reply is always the same. "When you're married to a car dealer," she says, "you run around in the latest model car. When you're married to an architect, you run around in the latest model house. With my John, it's a case of 'Love me, love my house!' . . . And believe me, I do!"

THE END

Diana Lynn's latest movie for Hal Wallis-Paramount is My Friend Irma Goes West.

how sinful are movie stars?

(*Continued from page 55*) one of his characters, a movie critic, say: "Every now and then some elder statesman of the theater or cinema assures the public that actors and actresses are just plain folks, ignoring the fact that their greatest attraction to the public is their complete lack of resemblance to normal human beings . . . By and large we are concentrated gatherings of neurotics. egomaniacs, emotional misfits and precocious children."

Let's look at these "precocious children."

In general, the motion picture industry has attracted a motley, talented group of people from the most flamboyant segments of show business, and from the most varied avenues of life. Many of them, particularly the comedians, have been reared in poverty-stricken areas. Others, like Betty Hutton, Loretta Young, Lana Turner and Doris Day, have been raised without fathers. George Raft was a prize fighter. Frank Sinatra was a shipyard worker. Dorothy Lamour was an elevator operator.

To each of these, the word "sin" has a different meaning.

George Raft, for example, has frequently been singled out as an acquaintance of underworld characters. He has been seen and photographed with Frank Costello, Bugsy Siegel, and others with criminal records; but one must not forget that Raft was brought up on New York's tough East Side, that many of the children he played with as a boy later developed into well-known racketeers.

Whenever these men hit Hollywood, they drop in on Raft for old times' sake. He has never once snubbed any of them. In his moral code, such blatant snobbery

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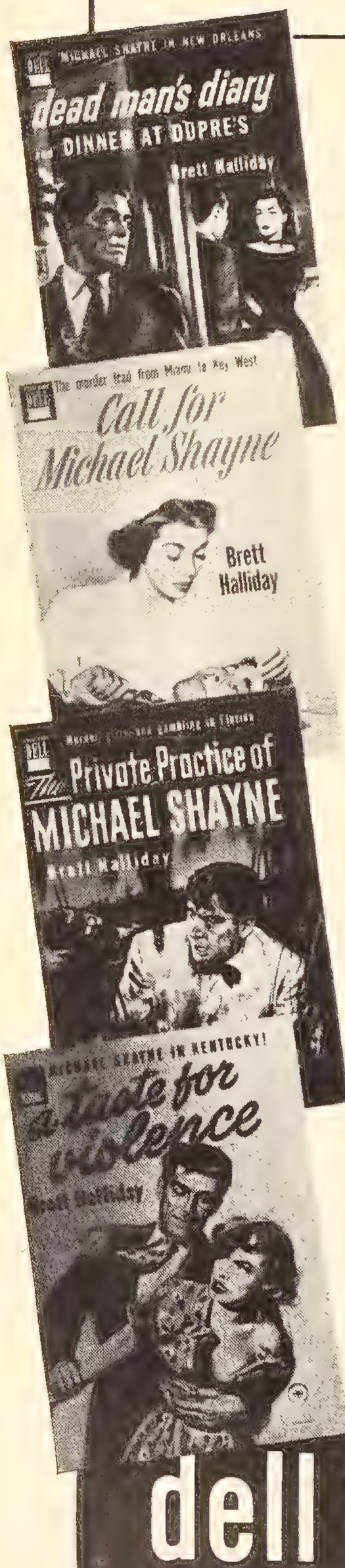
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would constitute a sin of the worst kind.

Frank Sinatra is another product of the slums. Some of the boys who attended school with him in Hoboken are currently serving time. In Sinatra's code, loyalty is paramount. Only a few years ago, he resigned from the swank Lakeside Country Club in North Hollywood because certain members didn't approve of his guests.

SIN has another meaning to actresses like Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson and Gloria Swanson, to name a few. They feel no guilt in having been married three or four times. For the most part, these are domineering women whose lives are meaningless without love. In many cases they have sacrificed husbands for careers, but they see no reason why this sacrifice should be perpetual. In their search for happiness, they are willing to take repeated risks with a free conscience.

Stories to the effect that Hollywood actresses and actors indulge periodically in orgiastic parties simply are not true. If anything there is probably less sexual activity among actors and actresses as a group than many others, for as the Kinsey Report revealed, there is infinitely more promiscuous sex activity among the unskilled, lower income occupational groups.

Screen stars aren't saints. Furthermore, they make no attempts to set themselves up as paragons of virtue. Most of them consider their work a livelihood and simply want to be left alone to enjoy their free time. Only after they've been in Hollywood for years do they realize how greatly they've sacrificed privacy for adulation.

Movie fans elevate actors to stardom. From time to time they will adopt a personality and deify him—as they did Van Johnson and Frank Sinatra. In return, fans demand that the stars lead their private lives in public, and woe to the star's career if the public disapproves.

Yet the lure of Hollywood never fails. For years it has attracted the talented, the poor but ambitious, because it rewards popularity with great wealth, and it places no premium on background. Its own background has not been a credit to its name.

In fact, it is Hollywood's past history which is most responsible for associating sin with stars in the public mind. Compared to the screen colony of the 1920's, Hollywood, today, is as pure as Eden before the snake walked in, and its actors and actresses are unfairly libeled by the immoral behavior of their predecessors.

To realize what relatively wholesome lives most screen stars currently lead, one has merely to refer to the front page of any leading 1920 newspaper.

IN that year, Olive Thomas, one of Flo Ziegfeld's most beautiful discoveries committed suicide in Paris. When the tragic news of her death reached New York, the lights all over Broadway were turned off as a mark of respect and love. Investigation by the French Surete General later revealed that cocaine had played more than a passing part in the actress' death.

A few months later, Wallace Reid, the handsome idol of millions, disappeared from Hollywood. His employers attributed his disappearance to "overwork," but everyone in the film colony knew otherwise. Wallace Reid was a morphine addict. In seven years, he had starred in 52 pictures, all of them box office successes. To maintain this killing schedule, he had succumbed to morphine.

For three long years, blackmailers bled him for loot. Reid had a wife and two children. He loved them deeply. He knew what the dope was doing to him, and he tried to rid himself of the habit. He succeeded for two whole months, but the en-

rced abstinence proved too great a rain. One day, he collapsed on the set. is wife took him to a mountain retreat here after a month of delirium, he died.

His death set in motion a wave of ounting antagonism against Hollywood hich reached its peak on September 5, 921, when Fatty Arbuckle was accused sexually violating a 23-year-old girl, nd thereby causing her death.

Arbuckle had first met Virginia Rappe t the old Keystone Studios and had taken n immediate liking to her. On one oc- asion he had even tried to "borrow" a ey to her dressing room from the night vatchman, but with no success.

Years later, however, when Arbuckle as staying at the St. Francis Hotel in an Francisco, he learned that Virginia as in town and invited her over. She rrived with several of her friends. There as a good deal of drinking, and subse- uently Virginia and Fatty were paired off. resently, they strolled into an adjoining edroom where Arbuckle locked the door.

Twenty minutes later, Virginia's terri- ied screams reverberated throughout the uite. "I'm dying!" she cried. "I'm dying!" Her friends rushed to the bedroom door nd tried to kick it in. A very drunk Arbuckle opened the door.

Oddly enough, no one seemed to take he dying actress very seriously. The hotel hysician arrived and with the manager carried Virginia out of the suite, and the party continued along its merry way.

Four days later, Virginia Rappe died in he hospital, and a coroner's jury found Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle guilty of causing her death. He was tried three times. Two trials ended in hung juries. On the third, Fatty won an acquittal, but by then, all his pictures had been banned from the screen, no one would hire him, and the anxious eyes of the nation were being focused on still another Hollywood scandal, the murder of William Desmond Taylor, one of the great directors at Lasky Studios.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 72

1. *Sergeant York*
2. *Gary Cooper*
3. *Sergeant York*
4. *For single-handedly capturing over 200 enemy troops.*
5. *1941*

TAYLOR, in his late fifties, had been shot in the back with a .32 calibre automatic while seated at his desk. Investigation of the murder revealed that the handsome director had been loved by two famous actresses, Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter. Since Miss Normand had been paying a narcotics gang approximately $2,000 a month for both drugs and blackmail, and Mary Miles Minter had written Taylor some exceedingly tempestuous love letters—Taylor's studio, according to one reporter, "did more to hamper the investigation of this murder than to help it."

As a result of it, however, the Hollywood producers were compelled to police the industry. For the job, they chose Will Hays, former Postmaster General in the cabinet of President Warren G. Harding.

Although Hays and his 1945 successor, Eric Johnston, still have many detractors, the fact is that under their supervision Hollywood movie stars have pretty much toed the moral line.

In the past 28 years, approximately 15,000 players have been under contract to the major studios. Less than ten of these have been involved in full-fledged scandals. No other industry dealing primarily in extrovertive, ego-ridden, publicity-hounded personalities can approach this record.

Today, Beverly Hills, where most of the screen stars reside, is one of the most law-abiding cities in the land. According to Chief Clinton Anderson, in charge of the local police, "We've had only two murders in this town, Pauly Gibbons and Bugsy Siegel, and in fifteen years, less than half a dozen prostitution cases. As a group, the movie colony consists of decent, law-abiding citizens. Once in a while, a young kid will be picked up for drunken driving, but that can happen in any community.

"Out here, we treat every resident alike. We show no partiality to movie stars. If they do anything wrong, we take them in. The fact that we haven't booked many of them is proof of their good behavior."

Stars are particularly sensitive to public opinion, and they will go to incredible lengths to prevent the circulation of unfavorable publicity. They know that they are constantly exposed to all sorts of sensational attacks.

IN 1943, a Mrs. Barbara Jean Thompson of Long Beach, California, accused Henry Fonda of fathering her child. At that time, Fonda was on duty with the U. S. Navy in the Pacific; when he heard the news, he quickly denied it, claiming that he had no recollection of the woman.

Mrs. Thompson, however, was insistent. She demanded several thousands for herhelf, her lawyer, her hospital bills.

Fonda's lawyers went to work. They quickly discovered that the plaintiff had previously been arrested in a Long Beach hotel on a morals charge. She had a police record, an extensive history of divorce and annulment, and had in addition employed many aliases. Fonda's attorney described her as "a very lewd and lascivious person." When the facts were made known, the case quietly evaporated, and Fonda emerged from the sordid mess with his reputation intact.

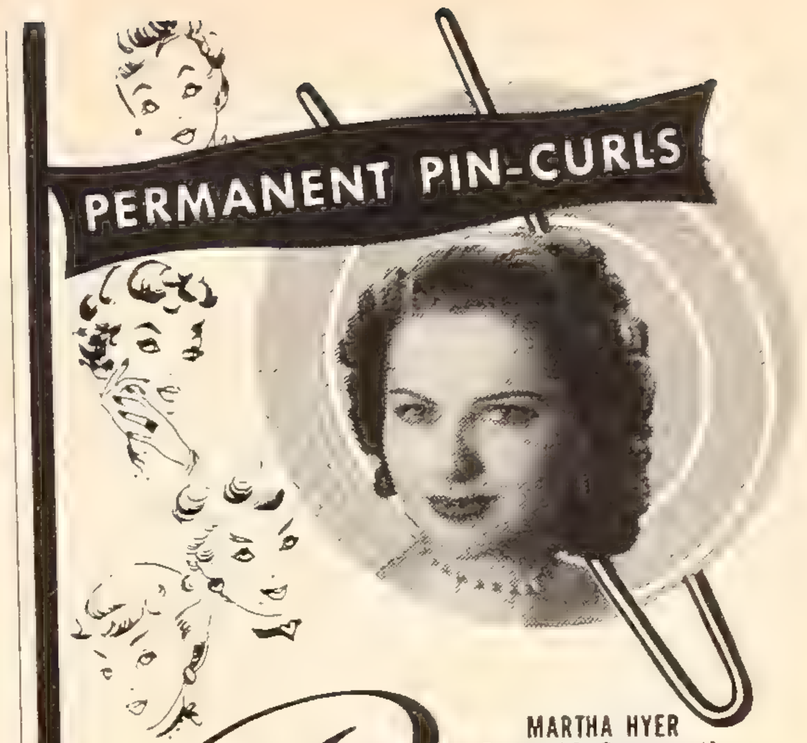
Ordinarily, this is not the result of most paternity suits. Regardless of the final decision, it is always the star who gets hurt. Certainly, this was true in paternity suits involving Wallace Beery, Charlie Chaplin, and the late William S. Hart, the Hopalong Cassidy of the 1920's. As a matter of fact, it was the paternity scandal of 1923 that ruined Hart's meteoric career.

In that year, Elizabeth MacCaullay, a Massachusetts school teacher, asserted that William S. Hart was the father of her 5-year-old boy. Hart denied it. Miss MacCaullay insisted the story was true.

When she took the witness stand, she gave her imagination full sweep. "Bill," she testified, "was so wonderful that I was blinded by my love for him. I succumbed to his wiles and whisperings. He may deny this all he pleases, but in his heart he will always remember the little woman from the East who gave all."

Unfortunately, the public didn't believe Hart, for too much scandalous activity had been going on in Hollywood. They stayed away from his pictures. His name on a theater marquee soon became poison. Eventually, the Massachusetts school teacher recanted her fanciful tale. By then William S. Hart's career was over.

THE same thing almost happened to Charlie Chaplin. Born in London in 1889, he's been the moral *enfant terrible* of the film industry for the past three decades. His father died when he was three years old, and his mother placed him in an almshouse. He never knew any kindness as a child, and when after three years in motion pictures, he began earning $10,000 a week, his conduct, his search for love, his attempts to buy happiness were typical manifestations of the rags-to-riches saga.



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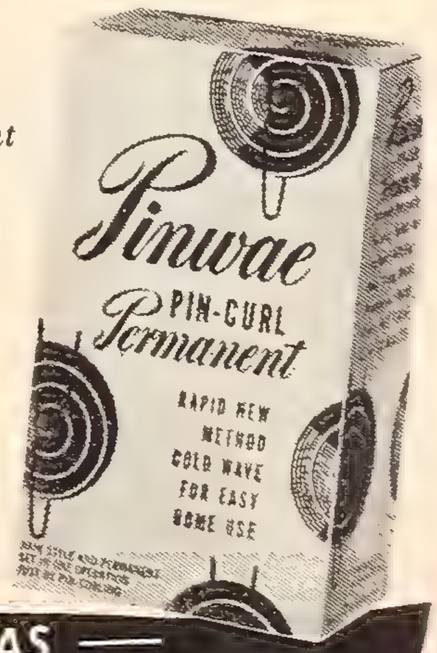
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His first wife was Mildred Harris, a woman who described him as "an equal mixture of intellectual and sensualist." In 1924, favoring his sensual side, he married a 16-year-old actress named Lita Grey. She had two children by him and then sued for divorce demanding a cash settlement of a cool million dollars. She filed a petition which so graphically recounted Chaplin's many amours that copies were surreptitiousy mimeographed and sold around Hollywood. The hue and cry were so great that for a short time it seemed very probable that Chaplin would follow Arbuckle and Hart into exile, but fortunately, he met most of his wife's demands, and the case was settled.

Years later, Chaplin was asked by movie mogul Joseph Schenck to take a trip on his yacht. Chaplin accepted and on the yacht he met an ex-chorus girl named Paulette Goddard. Chaplin cast her opposite him in *Modern Times,* married her in 1936, divorced her in 1942.

With Paulette gone, the middle-aged genius looked about for a new protegée. He found her in the form of Joan Barry, a beautiful teen-aged red-head. He placed her under contract.

One evening, eighteen months later, he suddenly cancelled her contract. He barred her from the premises. Joan refused to stay away. The police picked her up and jailed her. Chaplin finally gave her $100 and a railroad ticket to New York, and she was released from jail on her promise to leave the city. Instead, she called on a Hollywood columnist, one of Chaplin's known enemies. "I'm going to bear Charlie Chaplin's child," she announced.

Chaplin was indicted by a Federal grand jury on four separate counts. He was accused of violating the Mann Act, transporting a girl across the state lines for immoral purposes, and of having conspired to deny Joan Barry her civil rights. The Mann Act count was dismissed, and Chaplin was acquitted on the others.

Miss Barry then instituted a paternity suit. Blood tests conclusively established that Chaplin was not the father of her unborn child, but the court later compelled the comedian to pay a monthly allowance for the support of the baby. At a time when it looked very much as if he might be deported—Chaplin is not a U. S. citizen—when he was being smeared left and right, and the whole world was seemingly against him, he fell in love again, this time with Oona O'Neill, the daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill. After his acquittal of the Federal charges, Chaplin married her. When Joan Barry was told the news, she supposedly burst into tears of rage.

There is no doubt that Chaplin's amorous adventures have reflected adversely on Hollywood moral standards. There is little doubt that several other stars have been tinted by the brush used to smear him.

Stars are always being accused of some crime or other. These charges always make the headlines, true or false. The cumulative effect upon the public is the mistaken belief that the natural state of actors and actresses is trouble. Many fans aren't aware of the number of crackpots who make trouble for celebrities.

Take Betty Grable. Ever since she achieved stardom she has been the target of countless extortionists. On January 5th, 1941, she received a threatening letter, demanding that she send $2,000 to a Betty Westlake of Washington. The letter was written by an 18-year-old fan.

Ninety days later, Betty, under the threat of death, received a letter demanding $8,500. The FBI picked up its author, James Thompson, in a Birmingham cafe and sent him to jail for a year and a day.

Last year, her life was again threatened "unless you leave $5,000 to the man who will be leaning against a wall on Gower between Melrose and Santa Monica." The FBI was called in again. This time a policewoman disguised as the actress was sent walking along Gower Street with a dummy package of bills. She dropped the package, and a young man picked it up. He was arrested and confessed that he wanted $5,000 "to tour Hollywood and see the film stars."

Another prominent female target for extortion was Clara Bow. In the early 1930's, Clara was earning $6,000 a week.

She was alternately described as the "It" girl, "the Brooklyn Bonfire," the "hottest dame this side of the Atlantic." She knew droves of men and she was supposedly, in a term of thirty months, engaged to Bela Lugosi, Harry Richman, Victor Fleming, Gilbert Roland, and Gary Cooper.

She lived the kind of life most people think Hollywood actresses live, wild, reckless, man-filled. She spent her money so lavishly that gambling croupiers below the border called her "Clara Dough-Blow."

Unfortunately, she had a penchant for saving love letters. Her private secretary, Daisy De Voe, stole "the hottest" of these and threatened to turn them over to the newspapers unless Clara gave her $125,000.

Clara refused. Daisy was arrested and sent to the women's penitentiary, but the scandal she had engendered finished Clara Bow as a screen attraction. Clara married Rex Bell and retired from the screen.

For years the publicity mills have been grinding out truckloads of material on the private lives of the stars. In Hollywood, no man and woman ever go out for simple fun. It is always passion that spins the plot. Sometimes, as in the Hayworth and Bergman instances, the publicity boys are right in their assumption that something is "cooking." Frequently, however, they're wrong, in fact so wrong, that Dore Schary, chief of production at MGM recently said: "Hollywood is a good example of how misunderstood a place can get.

"The mental picture of Hollywood is that it is the capital of screwballism, full of actors either chasing other actors' wives or divorcing their own, of maniac directors and writers surveying their swimming pools and muttering about Art.

"Though the picture is wrong, it is partly Hollywood's own fault that it exists. In the beginning, many years ago, we made it exist because we thought it was good showmanship. We displayed the roaring tigers and the girl with three heads on Main Street, just as the small circus does today. It sold tickets."

Nowadays, sin still sells tickets. If anything, it tends to temporarily enhance a star's fame and box office popularity, but few stars will traffic with it, because vice, debauchery, and drunkenness leave telltale lines about the face.

Ambition, common sense, business acumen, and the searching light of publicity keep actors in line. These factors combine to make them less sinful, on the whole, than the general public.

If you doubt this, look at Hollywood's record in recent years, and then take an honest look into the police files or into the form and number of immoral actions in any city of our land. THE END

Paid Notice

Are you as lovely as you can be?

See page 19

why they get in trouble

(*Continued from page 61*) half the sense I think you have," I suggested. "You'll clear out of here right now, go get Dorothy and bring her back. This kind of thing spells bad news for you and yours."

Bob's face sobered down. "You're absolutely right, Hedda," he agreed. "And I promise you—I'll go back and get her."

Three days later I read the headlines. Three days later the police had Bob Mitchum in jail and in trouble.

THERE'S nothing unique about trouble, Heaven knows. It's about as exclusive as the measles. I have troubles every day—so, I'll bet, do you. Trouble is living and life, as the smartie said, "is just one damn thing after another." But the Good Lord gave most of us the natural caution to dodge as much public trouble as we can and the good sense to realize that our reputations are the best assets we'll ever have. Yet, in a spotlighted town where good names are money in the bank and where, you'd think, the stars would do everything in their powers to keep them white as the snow—what do we see?

Rita Hayworth wants to marry a prince. Well, that's fine. But does she have to travel over half the world with him first in a flagrant flouting of all accepted conventions, knowing that her fame will make every step public property? If Ingrid Bergman wants to change husbands and start another family, okay—that seems to be done in the best of circles. But can't she pick a more discreet setting for her romance than a ballyhooed picture location and can't she ring out the old before she rings in the new—like everybody else?

"Every time I begin to emote, I look up and there is a horse—stealing my scene."—*Maria Montez*

Sometimes it seems the stars go out of their way to court headlines via disaster. Sometimes it seems that Hollywood is indeed a school for scandal. But it's not. Only recently a government investigator sent out from Washington to uncover the wicked goings on of Horrible Hollywood went right back and with an empty briefcase. Hollywood, by and large, he discovered, is just as respectable as any other city you can name. What then, cooks up all this trouble you read about?

A quick answer is: Through too much fame, too much flattery, too much money, too much concentrated work with too much empty leisure in between. "Idle hands are the devil's playthings," they used to tell me back in Altoona, Pa., and I still believe it. And, as another wise man once observed, "Stars can stand anything but success." But what's missing in that answer is the human element. Stars are people, believe it or not. They're all different, from different backgrounds, and they each react very differently when bowled over by the whirlwinds of fame.

TAKE Frankie Sinatra—and America certainly did. Maybe that was the trouble. They took Frankie to their hearts too fast and he thought he was somebody out of this world, with no obligations whatever. For a kid from across the tracks his great good fortune was to be grabbed greedily and the result was a spoiled, swell-headed young man. Frank's trail up and down the ladder is spotted with ingratitudes. His greatest ingratitude, of course, has been to Nancy, who anchored him, gave him the home he'd never known as a kid, wonderful children and her loyal love. Everybody loved Frankie—but he didn't love back. And that's the root of his trouble tree, and always will be until he learns that love is a two-way word.

On the other hand, have a look at Bob Mitchum, a big irresponsible guy who loves everybody and the world in general, not wisely but too well. And that amiable weakness is as dangerous for Bob as Frankie's selfishness is for him.

Victor Mature is another one of the most ingratiating fellows I know. But thrice married Vic is a born bachelor at heart. He still can't see why he isn't free as the air though married. A while back I ran across Vic and Dorothy in Las Vegas, huddled in a gaming club. It was very late and dead-tired Dorothy forced a wan smile. "I came up here for a rest," she said, "and look! We haven't been to bed before five o'clock for three straight nights." She didn't say it happily either and Vic's troubles brew because he still never knows, or cares, what time it is.

I WATCH stars every day, men and women both, going on being the light hearted, self-indulgent kids they once were. 'way back when they started on this rosy Hollywood road to success, so pleasant and nice, as long as you keep it straight and narrow. It always amazes me, though, as the years go by, that they never learn the simple fact that they can't do just as they please, that they've got to grow up, that the sides of that road are glass and that people are going to look, and too often find them wanting in one way or another.

One day, before he sailed away to find Princess Ghica, I drove up to Errol Flynn's house for an interview. He had to ask a blonde to please leave before we could get down to business.

It didn't surprise me because I know Errol. I know he is a man who—in all truth—women just won't leave alone. But I also know that Errol doesn't particularly want them to. It's perfectly okay with me for Errol to keep an accent on youth, and if he can stay fatally fascinating to the ladies in his mid-years and get by with it—power to him. All the world loves a lover—even a fortyish lover—until he shows up in a jam.

Trouble with Errol is, he's about as discreet as a pussycat. He never learned to pay for his fun until it was too late, when he paid plenty. I've always thought that five dollars' worth of roses to Nora Eddington at the right time would have saved Errol a lot of trouble and some important money, too. But I don't expect him ever to learn.

Nor do I expect to see the day when another perpetual Peter Pan named Sonny Tufts snaps out of adolescence and acts his years. Sonny was a legend in his college campus cutup days—and I suppose it was cute then. He was the life of every party when he first came to Hollywood. But what used to earn him cheers just brings him hangover headaches today, the real kind and the career kind, too.

Are the miseries of movieland all just a case of grown-ups still wearing rompers on their psyches? Not exactly. On the contrary, growing up too fast under the million-dollar pressure of a precocious career has wreaked even more havoc.

Since she was thirteen Judy Garland has made thirty-odd full length pictures for MGM. She never was a little girl. She never had time to be. She was a grown up star—and a wife and mother, too—before she could call herself a woman. She paid the price of ignoring that delicate transition period in snapped nerves, a physical

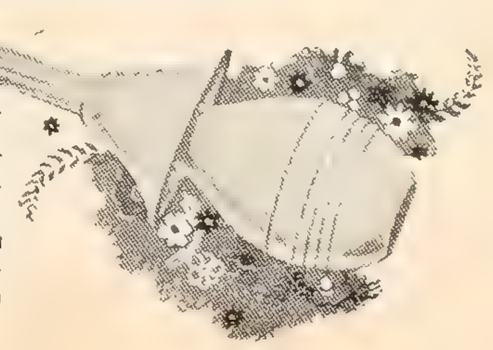
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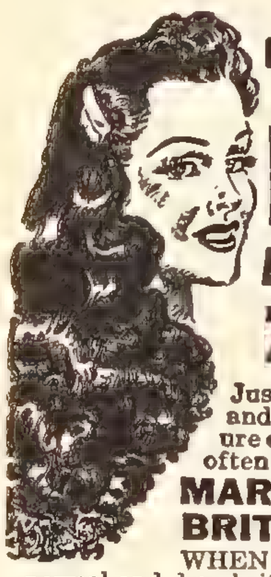


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breakdown, and trouble which may haunt her for a long time to come.

You can trace the beginnings of too many adult star troubles to the high gear growing up which is the price of concentrated kiddie careers. Who was more talented, beautiful and blooming than Deanna Durbin—and who turned into a more trouble-tormented disappointment? Betty Hutton has worked practically since the day she was born, worked hard, to the limit of her terrific talent. Learning the rugged ropes of show business in her growing years, how did Betty have a chance to learn the true values of living at the time every girl and boy must?

When Betty called me one day last year to say she was leaving her husband, Ted Briskin, I gasped, "Betty, how can you? You'll never find another man as sweet as that. Think it over."

Well, Betty did and she went back to Ted. But the next time she didn't call me—the time she filed for divorce. I wish she had, although I'm not sure it would have done any permanent good. Betty is still giving her heart and soul to making pictures and those pictures are making her a bigger and bigger star. But will she ever know what she really wants? Won't the theme song of show business—off-with-the-old-and-on-with-the-new be the same for Betty's real life? Those are the wrong values for happiness.

I CAN sympathize with Betty Hutton, but it's very hard indeed for me to squeeze out crocodile tears for Ava Gardner, another girl who picked up wrong values—and I do mean wrong—right here in Hollywood. As a result, Ava is flouting conventions right and left and heading for trouble as sure as shooting. She may think—as I suspect she does—that working up an international scandal is hot stuff for her screen siren reputation. But she's playing with fire. How she's changed!

When I first saw Ava Gardner she was a pretty little girl from North Carolina, innocent and sweet as a peach. I remember an MGM publicity man took her on a studio tour when she first arrived, led her onto a Mickey Rooney set. "I hope you're satisfied," he said. "You've actually met Mickey Rooney now!" That plunged Ava into tears because she was mortified that anyone should think she'd be that ga-ga over a movie star. Today, Ava out-movie stars most movie stars herself. In fact, some scandal more sensational than her toreador trouble was about to trap Ava in very unsavory Hollywood headlines if she hadn't sailed off to Spain when she did. Maybe she makes a better siren off the screen than she does on, anyway—and that's another reason why you'll find some of our best stars sticking their custom-shod feet regularly in muddle puddles: They get to believe the parts they play.

"The trouble with you, Bogie," I heard Prince Mike Romanoff say once, "is that you think you're Humphrey Bogart." Mike had noted the uncounted instances when Bogie, in Romanoff's and elsewhere, needled people menacingly as he does before a camera. The important difference is: it works before a camera—nowhere else.

Bette Davis is another night and day star who's played a supercharged neurotic so long, that she's one herself. She's dominated everyone opposite her on the screen so long that now she has to dominate everybody in sight—in the studio and out—or she's miserable.

I don't know which is worse, frankly—to be wrapped up in your roles like that or to be unhappily scornful of the parts you play, as was Ingrid Bergman. A lot of Ingrid's miseries sprang from her phony, untouchable legend and from her unconsidered impulsiveness, too. An impulsive

coming attractions!

ava gardner

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telephone call to Leo McCarey that I suggested, got her that wonderful nun role in *The Bells of St. Mary's* but a letter to Roberto Rossellini, which was definitely her own idea, got her *Stromboli*, and everything that came after. But the well-spring of her woes lay in her conviction that Hollywood wasn't doing right by her.

LAST summer in Rome, in the drab hidden little apartment where I interviewed her, Ingrid replied when I asked how she ever wrote that fatal letter anyway, "I had to get away. I couldn't play any more of those run-of-the-mill parts."

"Was the nun in *The Bells of St. Mary's* a run-of-the-mill part?" I asked her. "Was *Joan of Arc* one, too?"

"You don't understand," said Ingrid. Well, maybe I don't. There are a lot of things I don't understand about other people's troubles and what they'll lead to.

I've given advice until my tongue sagged, because I'm still sucker enough to try to help people who can't or won't help themselves. Sometimes I have the satisfaction of seeing it heeded. I called Lana Turner once, for instance, and got results. She was back in Connecticut with Bob Topping defying MGM's plea to come home and make a picture. I'd heard top echelon talk and I knew she was set to be MGM's whipping girl if she acted up.

"They're going to lower the boom on you, Lana," I warned. "If you still want your job, you'd better make that picture."

"But it's a lousy part," she argued.

"I don't care if it's the lousiest part ever written." I said, "Get out here." Most of Lana Turner's multiple troubles have stemmed from her trusting habit of taking the last advice given her—and usually that's been bad. Luckily, I was the last one she talked to before she boarded a plane west, and mine was good. She did *Three Musketeers* and saved her career.

HOLLYWOOD stars live by being unreal. Yet this world's a very real place which they seem to forget. When they make movies, if they're any good, they give everything. They're squeezed dry. There's nothing left for a husband, a child, a home, or even a problem, half the time. The other half of the time—boom—suddenly they're pacing around with nothing to do. No wonder they act, too often, like puppies let out of a pen—racing around foolishly making noise and winding up with yowls.

I know a star who deliberately leaves Hollywood after every movie he finishes.



"OH DAD, and just the right kind, too!"

aturally, Janie's happy! Like most en-age girls, she has pretty definite references in stockings. She knows at to get the kind she prefers, she has look at the label and see the brand me. (That's the name the manufacrer gives the clothing he makes so at folks can tell it from others.)

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He goes to some little town where nobody knows him, locks himself in a hotel room and has a quiet one-man relaxing spree. I know another who checks into a hospital. And I know one who sometimes just gets in his car and drives and drives. Once he drove clear to Texas before he thought to call home. His name was Dan Dailey, and that drive got him in trouble.

But who's to say what is one star's meat or another's poison? Who's to play nursemaid? When you're all grown up, free and past twenty-one, you're supposed to stand on your own two feet, aren't you? There are certain standards and conventions we all must learn and live by, in Hollywood, California, or Iuka, Illinois. There's good taste and there's bad. And when you break the rules you pay. That's what plenty of free-wheeling stars are doing in Hollywood today, whether they know it or not.

What always makes me shake my wooly head in awe is that so few of them do know it, even when it's written in headlines. Which reminds me of the funniest piece of advice a star ever sought from me.

She was warm-hearted and impulsive, to put it mildly, and one summer she gaily toured all over Europe with her boy friend, another big star.

Coming back home to Hollywood she called me up. "Hedda," she asked me, "do you think I ought to marry him?"

"Honey," I told her, "if you don't know the answer to that by now, I guess you never will!"

That's more or less the way I'm beginning to feel about these Hollywood naughty boy beautifuls and girls gorgeous, who get caught in the jam pot of some trouble or another. If they don't know how to behave themselves by now, what makes anyone think they ever will? THE END

allyson wonderland

(*Continued from page 29*) see you.

ME: Can you hear me all right?

FRANK: (*desperately eyeing door*) Yes, Mrs. Powell.

ME: Thank you, Frank. You've made me very happy. By the way, would you please see that we get two copies of the morning paper from now on?

FRANK: (*light dawning in his eyes*) Of course, Mrs. Powell.

Scene II: Next morning. Me at breakfast table, reading newspaper. Enter Richard.

RICHARD: 'Morning, doll.

ME: You say you're here already? Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna let you have the paper. (*I hand it to him.*)

RICHARD: Holy Cow! It'll take me twenty minutes to sort this thing!

ME: (*I giggle, walk around the table, kiss the top of his head, get reaction.*)

RICHARD: A nice gesture, wife. Why don't you do it more often?

ME: (*restraining me*) I had a wonderful golf game yesterday.

RICHARD: (*sorting paper*) You did? I didn't know you were going to play golf. Who'd you play with?

ME: Helen.

RICHARD: Helen? Why didn't you tell me you were going to see her? I wanted to talk to her about a show.

ME: (*airily*) I thought of mentioning it but I just didn't want to disturb you. (*Enter Frank, bearing fruit juice and morning paper.*) I'll take that second paper, please, Frank.

RICHARD: (*still sorting his copy, looks up in surprise*) What goes on here?

ME: Just a small idea I had. It'll keep us married for at least another five years.

RICHARD: (*leans over and kisses me on*

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the nose) You're a wicked woman, but I love you. (*Frank exits hurriedly.*)

ACT II: The Nursery. (This is where Olie spins tales of her childhood for Pamela and me, a childhood that must have been wonderful. She had seven brothers and sisters and they lived in a big house in Vancouver and there was a cherry tree outside her bedroom window. This is the kind of childhood I want Pamela to have. Olie is a genius at disciplining Pamela—as this scene will show.) Pam and I are alone in the nursery and Pam has just taken a picture from a table.

ME: Put it back, darling.

PAM: (*smiles coyly and grasps the picture tighter*) Love you, mama.

ME: I love you, too, but you must put the picture back on the table.

PAM: (*remains motionless*) Love you six.

ME: (*disregarding charm*) Pamela, the picture is not yours, and you must put it back. (*Enter Olie.*)

OLIE: Put that picture back, small fry.

PAM: Yes, yes. Hurry, hurry. (*Runs to table and replaces picture.*)

Act III: Doctor's office. (This requires a little explanation . . . Olie can never understand why I complain about going on trips. She even gets delirious about a trip to our mailbox, and so it is that I usually invite her to come with me on my shopping trips and visits to doctors. The latter have had disastrous results for Olie. In this scene we are in the office of a doctor who is to remove a small mole from my neck.)

ME: (*suddenly struck with a thought*) Olie, don't you have a mole on your arm?

OLIE: Well, yes, but it doesn't matter.

ME: Let the doctor look at it.

(*Olie surrenders and the doctor examines it carefully.*)

DOCTOR: (*straightening up*) Miss Olson, I'd advise that you have this removed at once. There's a possibility of it becoming malignant.

Scene II: Another doctor's office. This time Olie accompanies me to an eye, nose and throat specialist, who is going to check my sinus condition, which is very slight.

ME: Hey, Olie!

OLIE: No you don't. (*Makes movement toward door.*)

ME: Oh, just let him look. You don't have any sinus condition, but maybe he should check you.

OLIE: (*resignedly sitting in chair*) This is silly.

DOCTOR: (*after examination*) Miss Olson, you have two polyps in your nostrils. They're large and should be removed.

OLIE: (*wide-eyed*) Honest?

DOCTOR: I don't know how you've been breathing with these obstructions.

ME: (*gleefully*) See? I told you so.

Scene III: The Nursery. Olie is recovering from surgery.

ME: I'm going out. Want to come along?

OLIE: Where to?

ME: I'm going to see my obstetrician.

OLIE: NO!

INTERMISSION: Even before I knew I was going to have a baby my family worried because I wouldn't eat. Now they are practically frantic. So I'm just going to omit all the scenes where Richard keeps phoning from his office to ask if I've had my lunch. Olie insists I drink some concoction that tastes like pulverized motorman's gloves, and Marian gets into arguments with the vegetable man because he doesn't have the food she thinks I should eat. Frank is responsible for my iron, calcium, and etcetera pills intake. The pill battles go on all day. I don't mind them, it's just that Frank can never find me.

Pat Grenier, my secretary, also cannot locate me. Every time she mentions letter-

writing I think of tennis. Anyway, she calls about business, I always t I'm busy. Then she calls Olie. Oli her to come over. Of course, Pat com we get down to work and then I'm gr

Act IV: The Patio. I am readin Eggart of the green thumb approa

MR. EGGART: I wanted to ask you the gypsophila.

ME: Hmmm?

MR. EGGART: Would you like them corner, or would you prefer them the north wall?

ME: (*stalling for time*) Well now else is along the north wall?

MR. EGGART: I put in some gloxin anemone, and some salpiglossis.

ME: You don't say. How are the coming along? (I *know* what a ros rose is a rose.)

MR. EGGART: Just fine, Mrs. Po mulched them yesterday. What abo gypsophila?

ME: (*cornered*) I guess the nort would be nice.

MR. EGGART: All right. Did you s cistus cuttings I planted? They're the cherimoya tree. And we're go have ceanothus over the front wall.

ME: Do we have any daisies?

MR. EGGART: (*with pained expre* Did you want daisies, Mrs. Powell?

ME: (*weakly*) Well, I always t they were nice. Springy, you know.

MR. EGGART: Maybe I could put down below the rose garden. In .b that line of shrubbery.

ME: I understand, Mr. Eggart. Y right ahead. The garden looks love

ACT V: Several months ago, Pamel more than a year old, is brough my bedroom and left with me to am building blocks for her when su I feel her little hand on my chee look down to see her gazing at m an expression of both perplexity an covery. Then as she continues patti cheek she says, very distinctly, "M I gather her up and start to cry. Olie in and gathers me up and laughs wit in her eyes.

Act VI—or another part of Pame are in a bookstore.

PAM: (*with three books under he* Please, mama.

ME: They're very pretty books, but you have many at home th haven't yet read.

PAM: Please, mama, books.

ME: Yes, darling. They're very Perhaps we'll get them next time.

(*And on the way home.*)

PAM: Please, mama, books.

ME: All right, we'll buy them nex

PAM: Ha-ha. (*she takes the three*

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out from under her coat.) Ha-ha.

Act. VII: Richard and Pam and I are driving home from Palm Springs, and it is approaching Pam's dinner hour.

PAM: Pam hungry.

ME: All right, dear, we'll stop soon.

RICHARD: From what I remember of this road, Junie, it's going to be some time before we reach a place where we can have dinner. You'd better humor her.

ME: What do you want for dinner, Pam?

PAM: Pears. And meat.

ME: That's fine. Pears and meat.

PAM: Cus-nerd.

ME: And Custard. All right, you just wait a while and we'll have that fine dinner. (*Almost an hour passes, during which Pam is completely quiet. Suddenly she breaks the silence with a low moan.*)

ME: What's the trouble, darling?

PAM: Oh, Oh, Pears—all gone. Meat—all gone. Cus-nerd—a-a-all go-o-ne. Oh, Oh.

ACT VIII: Sightseeing time. (Explanation: It sometimes happens that sightseers wander into our grounds, and when Marian first came to us she wanted to invite everyone in and serve them tea and cake. This would be all right with Richard and me, if it didn't get too busy and we didn't turn into a tea shop, but Olie who is major-domo, would have none of it.)

"You'll have to cut this short," she told Marian, "or everybody and his uncle who's visiting California will be stopping in to see the Powells."

"But what can I tell these people?" Marian asked.

"Oh, tell 'em they're out. Tell them they're out of town and won't be back for two weeks. Be polite, but firm."

And the next day when a group of strangers wandered up the driveway, they were met in a loving fashion by Pat, the poodle, the birdbrain—the only time he barks is when Richard and I come home from a trip and then he's determined not to allow us into the house.

STRANGERS: Is anybody home?

MARIAN: Well, *I'm* home, but Mr. and Mrs. Powell aren't.

STRANGERS: When will they be back?

MARIAN: (*with an effort*) Oh, I'd say in about two weeks. They've gone to Hawaii.

ME: (*dressed in blue jeans and barging around a corner of the house*) Hey, Marian, where's the hose?

MARIAN (*blanches*) Won't you all come in for a cup of tea?

Scene II: More sightseers. I am in the garden, inspecting the oleanders, and am dressed in my perennial blue jeans. Marian is nearby, clipping some herbs for the kitchen. Suddenly, not ten feet away, the bus which carries tourists on trips to the stars' homes screeches to a stop.

DRIVER: (*in clarion tones*) On your right is the residence of Dick Powell and June Allyson. (*Twenty heads crane out of the windows and I feel trapped.*)

PASSENGER: (*pointing at me*) Who's she?

DRIVER: Search me. Must be the maid.

MARIAN: (*rigid with rage*) Well! I never! (*I go into hysterics, forcibly restraining Marian from punching the bus driver.*)

Curtain speech:

If my baby is a girl, I want to name her Patricia, but I'm getting a lot of resistance from my family. You see, there's Pat the secretary, and Pat Wright, our relief nurse, and Pat the poodle, and then there's Pam, too, and I guess everybody figures we have enough confusion around here already. Maybe we do, but I bet I name my daughter Pat, anyway. It'll mean more confusion, certainly, but then I figure the more the merrier. And the new baby will be a welcome addition to the lovable cast of characters around here—I do mean characters, I do mean lovable, too. THE END



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future perfect

(*Continued from page 66*) shows together because they were under contract to different studios that Betty called a stop. MGM was understanding, they let her refuse *Annie Get Your Gun,* and they released her from her old contract which was to run till 1953.

Larry, himself, arranged to make only one picture a year at Columbia. This year it's *That Bedside Manner,* but after that, no more paychecks until 1951.

No money for mink coats, no money for swimming pools—for a while. "You're crazy!" say the people in the hand-painted ties. They don't know the Parks, they don't know the way they like to live.

They like to pitch in and have plain fun with their friends. Recently when Lloyd Bridges (he's in *The White Tower* now) and his wife Dorothy built a beach house, the Parks were up to their knees in sand and cement, helping.

The Bridges had bought four walls from a housebreaker and the rest was in anybody's hands. Larry and Lloyd put more nails through their fingers than in the house, but it was built.

Then, when it was all finished, Lloyd invited the gang over to dinner—the Lewis Milestones, the Jeff Coreys, the Phil Browns. . . . There was a grunion run that week (grunions are tiny fish peculiar to the Pacific Coast who come onto the beach in waves, burrow in the sand to spawn and then are washed out to sea again).

The gang caught 500 grunions, and after the last grunion had been cleaned, the argument started.

"Let's cook them in grease," said Larry, "to preserve their tender, natural, delectable flavor."

"Grease!" shouted Lloyd. "You clod. Grease is for peasants! Let's dip them in butter, let's wash them in sherry."

"I say grease," said Larry. "Who says grease?"

No one said anything. So they drew a line down the barbecue, and blindfolded the guests. Lloyd used sherry, Larry used grease, and the guests used forks. The 500 grunion were consumed, and a couple of weeks later, Lloyd shook Larry's hand. "You've saved me $50 in butter, old soak, you're a gentleman and a scholar."

LLOYD also built a barbecue. Larry saved him almost four hundred dollars. It was simple. Larry made a rule. "Anytime anyone goes near the ocean he has to bring back a rock." By the time they were ready to build the barbecue, there were enough rocks for another house. The labor was free, the cement was $1.50. An ordinary barbecue usually costs from $350 to $400.

Betty likes to save money, too. When she and Larry got ready for their personal

Who's On First

Occasionally, even to admirers of Mike Curtiz's offbeat diction, he is almost incomprehensible. "I want," he said during a visit to Canada, "to see quintaloupes."

"Where is that?" asked his friend.

"Not a where—a what," replied Mike testily.

"All right, what what?"

"Quintaloupes."

His friend said, "I don't get you, Mike."

"You know, those five twins," he replied patiently.

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appearance tour in London's Palladium, and in Glasgow, Betty didn't call up Hattie Carnegie and order from a list. She went to her closet and hauled out the clothes—her favorite quilted skirts were shortened, and new blouses and petticoats were made.

"I guess you think you saved a million," said Larry, looking at the dressmaker's bill.

"Well, maybe I didn't save *much*, but think how clever I was. Anyway, look at how much I saved on these knitted dresses. Four knitted dresses for forty dollars!"

"How much did you save?" asked Larry.

Betty waved her arms. "Untold amounts. If I'd bought them somewhere else, it might have cost a hundred dollars."

"That means you saved sixty."

"Exactly."

"Give me the sixty," said Larry, laughing. She playfully gave him the back of her hand.

Betty saves on turkeys, though. Her market gives merchandising stamps as premiums, and she keeps them. Every Thanksgiving and Christmas she walks into the market, hands over her stamps, and gets a twenty-pound turkey.

"Little genius," says Larry.

"Big turkey," says Betty—and he eats her words.

Their plans for going to Europe were fun. It was like a holiday—the first they've had with each other in a long time. Friends were always calling to wish them well, friends were always coming over for lunch, for talk, or to play with the baby.

Garry's bassinet, quilted in yellow, would be wheeled out into the wide archway between the living and dining room, and Garry would lie there cooing.

"Honey," Betty said one day. "I don't want to go."

"But you have to go," said Larry. "You promised. Besides, you're going."

"I don't want to leave the baby. What will Paris be like without the baby?"

"My mother's going to take care of the baby," said Larry, "and there'll be Mrs. Currie, and look at that baby, he's fast asleep. What would he do in Paris?"

So they're leaving the baby home, but the Parks will spend only one week in Paris. Garry weighs 15 pounds now, and they want to be back by the time he weighs 20.

They want to be back to make more plans together—for a play to take to Broadway, for a television show, for anything that sounds too good to let go by.

A couple of weeks ago, the two of them cut a platter over at MGM. They'd made some novelty hits together—like "Go To Sleep, Go To Sleep," and "Can I Come In For a Second?" But this time the record was different. It was slow and sentimental. It was "Side By Side."

They don't have a theme song, they don't need one. But if they ever do, "Side By Side" would come pretty close to home.

THE END

can june haver love again?

(*Continued from page 35*) hearts can be broken—women like June.

When she was 15 the man with the smile was Jimmy Zito. He was 17, he led a band, and no matter what the music was it came out I love you. He had dark wavy hair and a small moustache and every time she looked at him she got a little dizzy.

Careers interrupted their romance. Time passed between them, but the memory of a first love is a sweet and funny thing. It grows with age and takes on a meaning that it never really had. When Jimmy and June met again, the memory seemed too beautiful to destroy, so they got married—and it destroyed itself.

The marriage was a nightmare, but when June awoke from it the world seemed clearer. It was as if she had stepped out of a thick fog into the sunshine, and waiting there to lead her by the hand was Dr. John Duzik.

He'd been waiting a long time. He'd watched June in her confusion; he'd let her marry someone else, and now he let her come back to him. He was older than June, but he was young, unknowing, softer than he might have been toward her. Now that she needed him, he was grateful.

Gradually he healed the hurt in June—with music and literature and quiet talk they kept to themselves. Instead of going out to meet the world together, they let the world come close, but no closer. And in a way they built a wall around themselves, a wall that collapsed when John Duzik died.

FRIENDS worried then about June. How many tragedies could a young girl take, especially a girl whose thoughts always turned inward? She had no shoulders to weep on but her own, and her own were small. For months she kept to herself, and it was an incongruous and pathetic sight to see this petite, lovely blonde withdrawing from the young, pleasure-filled existence that should have been hers.

Sy Bartlett arrived at the moment he was needed. In all of her 24 years June had not yet found a man who had the strength for which she'd always yearned. Even at a superficial glance he is a man of the world—writer, producer, Air Force colonel, polo player, friend of President and cab driver—there is little outside the realm of his experience.

He and June were attracted to each other even before they were introduced. Later, with typical directness he set about bringing June out of herself. Intensely alive and sure of himself, she could not resist sharing his enthusiasm for life.

Her vitality came back, her smiles became frequent, the lilt returned to her voice. More and more she fell under the spell of his charm.

Where Jimmy Zito was jealous, Sy was generous. He liked to show her off to other people. He gave a dinner party shortly after they started dating. He had invited from his vast collection of friends only a chosen few he wanted June to meet. Most of the guests had gathered on the terrace overlooking Los Angeles when June arrived. The pride in his voice when he introduced her was apparent, but even he was amazed at the rapidity with which June won the admiration of the group. He knew they would like her, but he was unprepared for the poise she displayed, not knowing that he was in part responsible for her self-assurance.

During this early period they were seen together in the gay, crowded places. They'd dance all night at Mocambo, and they'd exchange long glances at a corner table. Everybody began to talk about their budding romance but they were too wrapped up in each other to notice.

Two of June's close friends were lunching together at Romanoff's one afternoon when she walked in with Sy.

"Hey," one said. "Is that June?"

"It sure is," the other replied. "But she isn't the same girl we played Canasta with a few weeks ago."

It certainly wasn't. June hadn't been spending many afternoons with the girls since Sy came along. There she stood,

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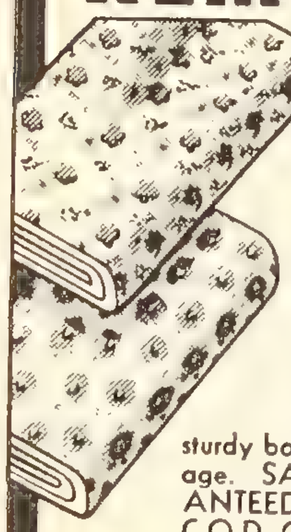
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poised and impeccable, from the chic perfection of blue velvet Toni cloche and taffeta suit, to the tip of her shell sandals.

When she sat down, June waved a gay greeting to her friends. For the rest of their luncheon they sat and wondered at the change in her. The June Haver they'd come to know was shy and restrained, given to wearing flat shoes and cotton dresses. What they didn't stop to figure out was that the trials in June's life were no incentive to preening her feathers. Now there was a reason to make the effort—and Sy was a most appreciative audience.

She found in him a thoughtfulness that is so often lacking in younger men. Experience has taught him that real happiness lies in doing things for others, and it delights him to be able to help June with any of her problems, great or small.

She called him one day in tears to tell him that she had just received a telegram that her grandmother, to whom she was very close, was seriously ill and had been taken to the hospital. Her grandmother was in Las Vegas, but this was no problem to Sy Bartlett. He reassured her, told her he would take care of everything and within five minutes he had arranged for a plane to fly her and her sister to Las Vegas. Just to make doubly sure that everything went right, he cancelled whatever appointments he had and accompanied them. When they arrived he took over the business of checking them into the hotel while they went immediately to the hospital.

Later that evening, while they were having their after-dinner coffee in the dining room of the Flamingo Hotel, a columnist approached their table. Sy was very careful to explain that they were there to visit June's grandmother, and asked him not to say anything about their being in Las Vegas together. For June's sake he didn't want the news to get into the papers because it was bound to set off a great chain reaction of rumors about impending marriage.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy most in our September issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 at the right of your first, second and third choices.

Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
The Inside Story ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐
Tell It to Joan ☐
Thou Swell (Lana Turner) ☐
Allyson Wonderland ☐
The Private Affairs of Farley Granger ☐
The Big Splash (Tony Curtis, Roddy McDowall, Marshall Thompson) ☐
Can June Haver Love Again? ☐
I Discovered San Francisco (Jane Wyman) ☐
I Remember When (Glenn Ford) ☐
Love Me, Love My House (Diana Lynn) ☐
Betty Steps Out (Betty Hutton) ☐
The Brutal Truth About Judy Garland ☐
How Sinful Are Movie Stars? ☐
The Story Robert Mitchum Never Told ☐
Why They Get In Trouble (Bergman, Sinatra, Flynn) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Goodbye Mr. Fancy (Robert Stack) ☐
New Faces (Nancy Davis, Sally Forrest) ☐
Future Perfect (Larry Parks) ☐
My Home Town by Mario Lanza ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

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Nothing was printed. The Bartlett charm had again carried the day. And the light in June's eyes gave mute testimony of her growing affection for this man.

The role of "protector," on the other hand, appeals mightily to the dominant Sy. His former wife, Ellen Drew, is a very self-reliant young woman who demands order in her life. She would prepare dinner for two, and more than likely Sy would choose that night to invite six guys home with him. Regimentation is not for Sy. He refuses to have his life run on a timetable. When Ellen discovered she could not put him on a "schedule" they parted.

It is possible that neither June nor Sy were aware of the reason for their strong attraction. When romance blossoms one doesn't stop to analyze the why and wherefore. The warmth of companionship and mutual satisfaction needs no analysis. Their romance was moving along faster than either of them realized.

If they weren't in love they were giving a great imitation. Neither one stopped to consider the obstacles which had existed from the first. However, in every relationship there comes a time when the problems must be faced and mastered, or the dream of love must cease to exist. June and Sy have at last arrived at that point.

The religious angle is a high hurdle. June is deeply devoted to her faith, and though it would not be the first time love has moved mountains, it would be presumptuous to assume that she could give up the "faith of her fathers" without pondering the decision at length.

When June was taken to the hospital for observation a few weeks ago, Sy was there day and night. They were drawn even closer together, and when he bought her an exquisite pearl necklace it looked as though they would announce their engagement as soon as she was well enough to be taken home. So it came as a distinct shock when a commentator announced over the radio that June Haver and Sy Bartlett had decided not to see each other any more. A spat? A lovers' quarrel? No. There was cold reasoning behind the decision. They were faced with the alternative of either getting married or breaking up. Their feeling for each other had become too serious to continue as a light romance.

The Sunday night that June was taken home from the hospital was her birthday, but there was no feeling of elation for June. Sy was not there. The birthday, coming home . . . this should have been a gay occasion. The tears in June's eyes contrasted strangely with the glow that had been there only a short while ago when they sat by Sy's pool planning a celebration. She had said, "Darling, I'm happier than I've ever been in my life," and she didn't care who heard it.

And where was Sy that Sunday? Up in Las Vegas, at a table in the Flamingo dining room, the same table where he had sat with June. But he was alone this time; listening to the music to which they had danced, wondering if she was as unhappy as he was.

What will happen when these two come face to face again, as eventually they must? Will that same attraction be there? Will they be able to stick by the decision they have made? It is doubtful. Love goes where it is sent, and simply deciding to shut it out of your life doesn't destroy it. Others have tried it—unsuccessfully—and June and Sy will discover this before long.

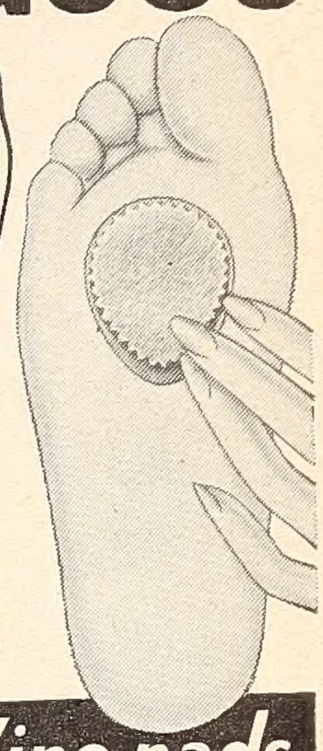
It is their friends' prediction and their friends' hope that these two will find each other again, and soon. For now at last, it is June Haver's turn to be happy.

THE END

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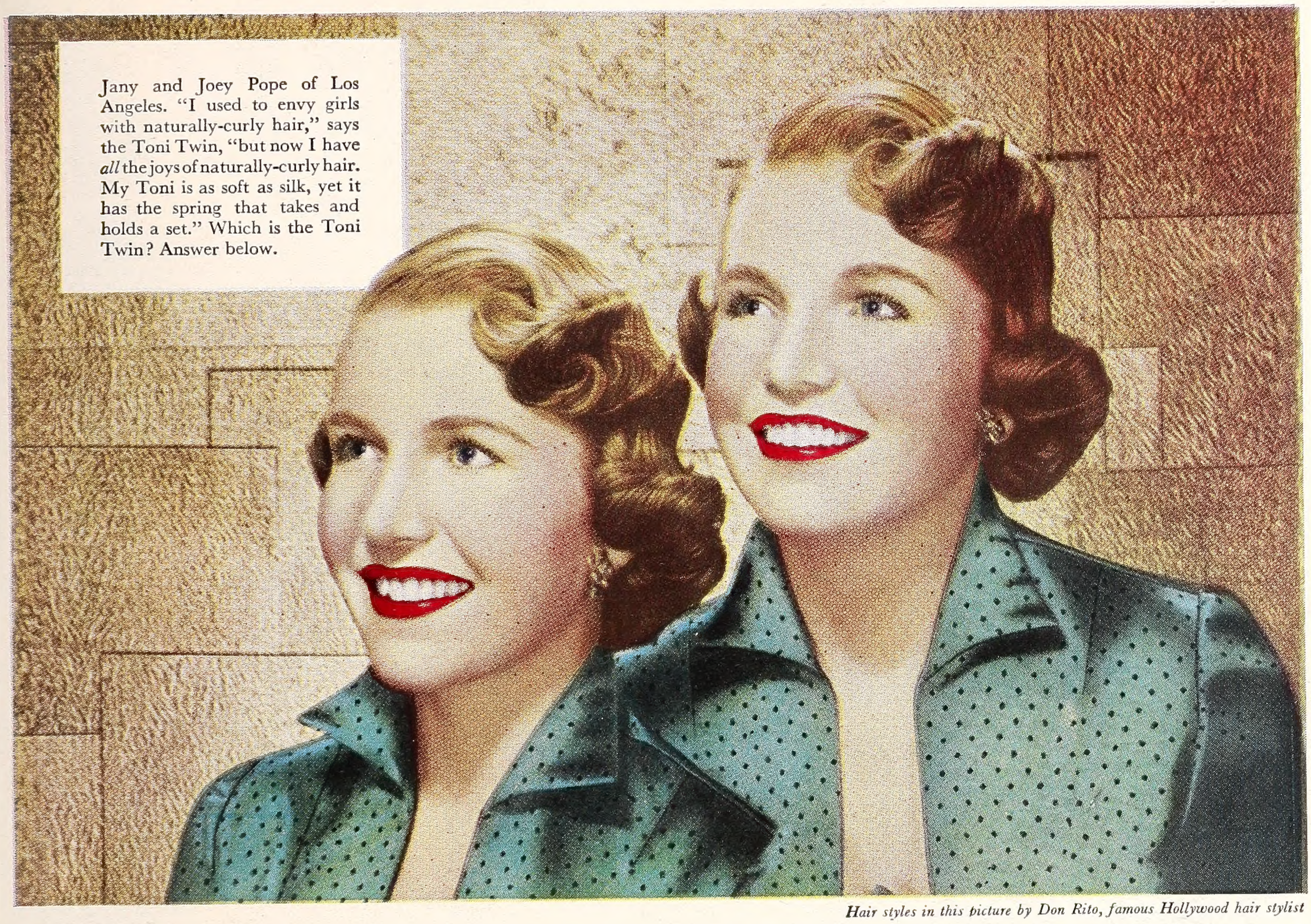
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